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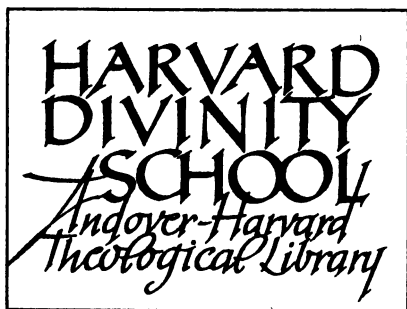
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DAVID.

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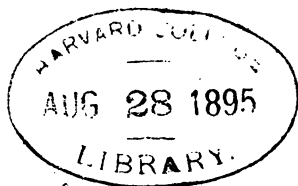
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HYMNS.

BOOK I.

HYMNS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. L. M. WATTS.

1.

COME, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word :
He is our shepherd ; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

2.

Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;
Believe, and take the promised rest ;
Obey, and be for ever blest.

2. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

1.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy :
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2.

To praise awake your tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing ;
Let all whom life and breath inspire
Attend and join the blissful choir.

3. C. M. WATTS.

1.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own :
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2.

Adore him in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise :
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

4. L. M. BOYSE.

1.

COME, pay the worship God requires,
Inflamed with chaste and holy fires :
When love cœlestial warms the breast,
Our homage and our vows are blest.

2.

When piety and truth refined
Possess the temple of the mind,
With grateful flames the altars glow,
And God will visit man below.

5. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

1.

O how delightful is the road
That guides us to thy temple, Lord !
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.

2.

O heavenly treasures ! glorious light !
From antient sages long conceal'd ;
Till Christ restored the feeble sight,
And God's unchanging word reveal'd.

6. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

1.

How may earth and heaven unite ?
How shall man with angels join ?
What link harmonious may be found
Discordant natures to combine ?

2.

Swell the pealing organ's notes !
Breathe your souls in raptures high !
In praises men with angels join !
Music's the language of the sky.

7. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

1.

ETERNAL source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot !
Whilst thee, great parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2.

O may we live before thy face
The willing subjects of thy grace,
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love !

8. L. M. WATTS.

1.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise !
O let his glorious name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue !

2.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

9. L. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

1.

Lo, God is here ! him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing :
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

2.

Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face :
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

10. L. M. WATTS.

1.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2.

Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

HALLELUIA—praise the Lord.

11. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

HAPPY hours! all hours excelling!
When, from worldly thoughts withdrawn,
Joyful we approach the dwelling
Which the smiles of heaven adorn.
Peace and hope and zeal combining,
O'er the soul sweet influence shed,
And, from earthly cares refining,
Bless the heavenly path we tread.

12. S. M. WATTS.

1.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest
Which saw the Saviour rise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2.

One day amidst the place
In which our God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

13. P. M. MERRICK.

1.

PRAISE, O praise the name divine;
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine:
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2.

Let his acts and power supreme
To your songs suggest a theme:
Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest note to raise.

3.

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join!
Praise, O praise the name divine!

14. C. M. WATTS.

1.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign king!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2.

While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours sing,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

15. C. M. WATTS.

1.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

16. C. M. WATTS.

1.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2.

Here, mighty God, thy works declare
The secrets of thy will ;
And still we seek thy mercy here,
And sing thy praises still.

17. L. M. WATTS.

1.

GOD in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2.

His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

18. L. M. DRYDEN.

1.

O SOURCE of uncreated light,
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind.

2.

Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

19. C. M. WATTS.

1.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound :
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

20. C. M. WATTS.

1.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2.

Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations from their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

21. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

BLESSED sabbath of our Lord,
Sweet return of public praise !
Still we live to hear his word,
Grateful for his solemn days.
Let the world in darkness frown,
And our mortal comforts fail,
From the glories of his throne
Light shall cheer the gloomy vale.
Great object of our faith, to thee we bow,
And in thy church record the solemn vow.

22. C. M. J. TAYLOR.

1.

UNFOLD the hallow'd temple's doors,
The sacred rites begin !
Zion, the tribes shall crowd thy floors,
And shun the tents of sin.

2.

Great God of Judah ! let our prayer
Like fragrant incense rise :
From heaven's high throne O bow thine ear,
And bless us from the skies.

23. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

1.

SUPREME o'er all Jehovah reigns,
All space his temple and his throne :
Yet where his people meet to pray,
He calls that humble church his own.

2.

O let us, with each power we boast,
Bend at his feet with awe profound ;
Put off whate'er deforms or stains,
And think we tread on holy ground.

24. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

1.

AT the portals of thy house,
Lord, we leave our mortal cares :
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise, and fervent prayers.
Pure and contrite hearts alone
Find acceptance at thy throne.

2.

Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord !
Teach them Zion's heavenly way ;
To their feet thy light afford.
Let the world united join
In our harmony divine.

25. C. M. WATTS.

1.

PRAISE in thy churches waits for thee ;
There shall our vows be paid :
Thou, Lord, wilt hear when sinners pray ;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2.

Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose,
To bring them near thy face ;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To taste thy heavenly grace.

26. P. M. WESLEY.

1.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above
And keeps his courts below :
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show.
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2.

Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing ;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored ;
Praise the Lord in every breath ;
Let all things praise the Lord.

27. C. M. WATTS.

1.

ONE privilege my heart desires ;
Lord, grant me an abode
Within the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

2.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

28. L. M. WATTS.

1.

O THOU whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

2.

The praise of Zion waits for thee,
And praise, O Lord, becomes thy house ;
Thy people here thy glory see,
And here perform their public vows.

29. L. M. WATTS.

1.

GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

30. P. M. R. TAYLOR.

1.

AGAIN, O Lord, within thy temple met,
Be all our thoughts devout, our hearts
sincere;
So shall we not the frequent vows forget
That our united souls have offer'd here.

2.

And in thy holy presence while we bow,
While thanks and praises, Lord, to thee we
give,
Thy blessing on our services bestow,
That to thy glory we may ever live.

31. L. M. WATTS.

1.

SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast :
My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word.

32. C. M. JERVIS.

1.

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies
Where dwells eternal love.

2.

Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3.

With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

33. P. M. MERRICK.

1.

COME celebrate your God and king,
Awake the song, awake the string ;
His power invoke, his praise proclaim,
As faithful heralds to his fame :
Aloud declare through every land
The wonders of his mighty hand.

2.

O let his name your thoughts employ,
His name, fit theme of highest joy !
Such joy may each for ever share
Whose steps to Salem's fane repair !
O frequent seek that blest abode !
O seek the face of Jacob's God !

34. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

1.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers ;
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours !

2.

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly ;
Where God resides appear no more :
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.

35. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

1.

NOT with our slaughter'd flocks we come,
Nor vessels fill'd with purest oil ;
No smoking incense fills the dome,
Nor priests begin their bloody toil.

2.

For thee, O Lord, our thoughts prepare
The sacrifice thy love demands ;
A soul repentant and sincere,
A grateful heart and liberal hands.

36. P. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

1.

To thee, O God, without delay,
Our duteous homage we will pay ;
For thee we long, to thee we look :
So travellers in desert lands,
Midst sultry gleams and scorching sands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

2.

Within thy courts we've seen thy power,
And learn'd to prize thy favour more
Than life itself, with all its joys :
Here let thy smiles again appear,
Again our drooping spirits cheer,
And to thy praise attune our voice.

37. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

HERE, Lord, within thy sacred dome,
We bring no vain oblation ;
The pious heart here finds its home,
And glows with adoration :
Great is the Lord, his praise be great ;
We bow, we worship at his feet,
And bless his great salvation.

38. C. M. WATTS.

1.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In God's own house let us appear,
And keep the solemn day !

2.

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my saviour reigns.

3.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest !

39. L. M. WATTS.

1.

LORD, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy mercy and adore :
Here we behold thy blissful face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

2.

Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side ;
And when my feet shall hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

40. L. M. PATRICK.

1.

COME let us all unite our joys,
And to the Lord our voices raise :
Before his gracious presence come
With thankful hearts and hymns of praise.

2.

O let your cheerful temper show
The God you serve is good and kind !
Praise him for all his mercies past,
And wait with joy for those behind.

41. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

1.

SEEK we pure and lasting joys,
Seek we pleasures most refined,
Which nor time nor chance destroys,
Suited to the heaven-born mind?
With heart and tongue united worshipraise:
Man's wisest, noblest work is prayer and
praise.

2.

While seraphic ranks on high
Endless Halleluias sing,
Let our feeble voices try
Grateful songs to God our king;
With heart and tongue united worshipraise:
Man's wisest, noblest work is prayer and
praise.

42. L. M. CAPPE'S COLLECTION.

1.

AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend;
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be blest.

2.

This day may our devotions rise
To heaven a grateful sacrifice,
And heaven that peace divine bestow
Which none but they who feel it know!

43. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

1.

LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that THOU art near.

2.

Wandering thoughts and languid powers,
Come not where devotion kneels!
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3.

Now begin the glorious song,
Theme of wonder, love, and joy:
Angels shall the notes prolong;
Seraphs! 'tis your blest employ.

44. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

1.

SLEEP, sleep today, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this cœlestial morn.

2.

Tomorrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of my soul.

3.

Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity!

45. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

1.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay ?
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad ?

2.

From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?

3.

Vain sinful man ! Creation's lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

46. C. M. WATTS.

1.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2.

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercy there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

SANCTUS.

HOLY holy, holy, Lord God of hosts !
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty
of thy glory.
Glory be to thee, O Lord, most high !

BOOK II.

GENERAL HYMNS OF PRAISE AND
THANKSGIVING.

47. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Creator.

1.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign king :
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2.

The Lord is God : 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give :
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
And the whole race of man shall find,
His truth from age to age endure.

48. L. M. WATTS.

Praise from all mankind.

1.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

2.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame.
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

49. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Praise to the One Creator.

1.

JEHOVAH reigns! let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear:
Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share, the throne of the Creator.

2.

This goodly world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must
pass away,
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

3.

But fixt, O God, for ever stands thy throne!
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone!
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffused is still the same:
He dwells within his own unfathom'd
essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded
presence.

4.

But oh! our highest notes the theme
debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise.

Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight
control,

Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore
him.

50. P. M. WATTS.
Praise to the true God.

1.

LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his mighty works proclaim.

2.

The heathens know thy glory, Lord ;
The wondering nations read thy word ;
In Britain is Jehovah known :
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made ;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3.

He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there ;
His beams are majesty and light ;
His splendour, how divinely bright !
His temple, how divinely fair !

4.

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name !

Then shall the race of men confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

51. C. M. WATTS.

Praise due to God.

1.

AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
 Your noblest passions raise ;
 Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
 Increasing with the praise.

2.

Great is the Lord ; and works unknown
 Are his divine employ :
 Our souls shall bow before his throne
 With reverence and with joy.

3.

Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand ;
 He bids the vapours rise :
 Lightning and storm, at his command,
 Sweep through the sounding skies.

4.

O Britain, know the living God,
 Serve him with faith and fear ;
 He makes thy churches his abode,
 And claims thine honours there.

52. P. M. MERRICK.

Praise to God, the sovereign king.

1.

LIFT your voice, and joyful sing
 Praise to your eternal King ;

For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

2.

Through the various realms of earth
Praise him, all of human birth ;
Honour pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record.

3.

Be the Lord your constant theme,
Who of gods is God supreme ;
He to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee, and veil their pride :

4.

He whose wisdom throned on high
Built the mansions of the sky,
And the orbs that gild the pole
Bade through boundless æther roll :

5.

He who o'er this earthly ball
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing that lives
Rich supplies of blessings gives :

6.

To the great eternal King
Raise your voice, and joyful sing ;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

53. L. M. MERRICK.

Praise to the universal King. .

1.

NATIONS, with all your various tongues
To God your maker raise your songs ;

Loud sound his name, that nature's ear
His praise through all her bounds may hear.

2.

Exult, each tribe ; exult, each land ;
Heaven's mighty Lord with equal hand
The balance holds : the world's domain
Shall own to latest times his reign.

3.

Thy sovereign's name, O earth, revere ;
And let thy sons with holy fear
To him in low prostration bend,
And, duteous, his decrees attend.

4.

To God, of life the' eternal spring,
Invisible, all-potent king,
One chorus let all creatures raise,
One hymn of universal praise.

54. S. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to praise and fear God.

1.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.

2.

He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3.

Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his works, and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.

4.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

55. C. M. WATTS.

Solemn praise to God.

1.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.

3.

Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with him.

4.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand :
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5.

Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace !

56. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

God the proper object of praise.

1.

YE sons of men, in sacred lays
Attempt your great Creator's praise :
But oh ! what tongue can speak his fame ?
What mortal verse can reach the theme ?

2.

Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
His boundless wisdom, power, and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praise.

3.

To God all nature owes its birth ;
He form'd this ponderous globe of earth,
He raised the glorious arch on high,
And measured out the azure sky.

4.

In all our Maker's vast designs
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works through all this wondrous frame
Bear the great impress of his name.

5.

Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Our souls his high perfections sing ;
O let his praise employ our tongues,
And listening worlds approve the songs.

57. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Hymn to the Creator.

1.

ALL hail to him who sits on high !
To him your cheerful voices raise ;
To him, the Ruler of the sky,
Be glory, honour, love, and praise.

2.

Ye wise, ye good, in age, in youth,
The song of joy O never cease !
His words are all the words of truth,
And all his paths the paths of peace.

3.

When all the fair creation lay
Involved in universal night,
He spake the word, and all was day ;
He spake the word, and all was light.

4.

'Twas he, Jehovah, King and God,
Gave us to breathe this vital air ;
We are the children of his nod,
His last best work, his dearest care.

5.

All hail, Jehovah, King and God !
Ye nations all, adore his name :
With awe approach his high abode,
With thanks, with joy, and loud acclaim.

58. S. M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all nations.

1.

YE nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue ;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2.

While angels sound his praise,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours raise ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

3.

Praise him with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

4.

Far be his honour spread,
And let his praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

5.

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

59. P. M. WILTSHIRE COLLECTION.

Praise to God.

1.

O PRAISE ye the Lord ; prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his honours in music divine.

2.

Let praises to God our maker ascend ;
Let each grateful heart exult in its king ;
For God whom we worship our songs will
attend,
And view with complacence the offering we
bring.

3.

Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each
morn ;
For those who obey him are still his delight ;
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

4.

Then praise ye the Lord ; prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his honours in music divine.

60. P. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Universal praise.

1.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be thine from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2.

Father ! source of all compassion !
Pure, unbounded grace is thine :
Hail, the God of our salvation !
Praise him for his love divine.

3.

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4.

Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

61. S. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Creator.

1.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame !

2.

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways to' express
Her undissembled praise.

3.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.

4.

On God my hopes depend
Through all my future days :
To him my soul shall oft ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

62. P. M. WALKER'S COLLECTION.

Praise to God.

1.

LIFT your voice, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call;
Glory give to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

2.

God his sovereign sway maintains;
King o'er all the earth he reigns;
All to him lift up their eye,
He will every want supply.

3.

Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine;
Emulate the heavenly powers;
Their all-gracious God, and ours.

4.

Happy, who his laws obey!
Them he rules with milder sway;
Pure and holy hearts alone
He hath chosen for his own.

5.

Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him let all our hearts adore:
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high!

63. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

The glory of God.

1.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky,
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-beloved of heaven :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.

2.

Favour'd mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong :
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.

3.

Call the tribes of beings round
From creation's utmost bound ;
Where the Godhead shines confest,
There be solemn praise address :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.

4.

Mark the wonders of his hand !
Power, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.

5.

Awful being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down :
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.

64. P. M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all creatures.

1.

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
 Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright,
 In worlds of light
 Begin the song.

2.

Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
 His power declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

3.

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.

He spake the word ;
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4.

He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfills
While time and nature last.
In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

65. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

Praise to the Supreme Ruler and Judge.

(Ps. xcvi.)

1.

O SING to the Lord a new song,
Let the universe join in the strain,
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.
Let gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends;
How great is the God we adore !
How rich are the blessings he sends !

2.

In the beauty of holiness bow ;
O worship with fear and with love ;
How solemn his temples below !
How glorious his presence above !

Proclaim to the nations around,
That God the omnipotent reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
Whose purpose unalter'd remains.

3.

O let the wide heavens rejoice,
Let earth with her myriads be glad,
While ocean shall join its loud voice,
And the woods in rich verdure be clad.
Rejoice ! for the Lord is at hand ;
Prepare ! for his judgement is nigh :
Before him all nations shall stand ;
No guilt from his justice can fly.

66. P. M. WILTSHIRE COLLECTION.

Eternal praise to God.

1.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd ;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finisht work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

2.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp't his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move ;
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

3.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the blest abode,
To heavenly mansions soar ;
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.

4.

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Who shall those heavenly joys obtain
Prepared for souls sincere :
O praise him till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

67. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all creatures.

1.

THE glories of my maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their former and their king.

2.

We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues ;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the'angelic songs.

3.

Let beasts of every different shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks and woods, and fires and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

4.

Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And, wheels of nature, roll.
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

5.

The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

68. P. M. ROSCOMMON.

Praise to God from all nature.

1.

O AZURE vaults ! O crystal sky !
The world's transparent canopy,
Break your long silence, and let mortals know
With what contempt you look on things
below.

2.

O light ! thou fairest, first of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty springs,
O praise the 'Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee as his imperial robe.

3.

Great eye of all ! whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praise his name, without whose purer light
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

4.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
 And you who through the concave blow
 Swift to perform the mandates of his word,
 Whirlwinds and tempests, praise the'almighty
 Lord.

5.

Praise him, old monuments of time,
 O praise him, ye in youthful prime;
 Praise him, who shine in beauty's excellence,
 And praise him, thou sweet age of innocence.

6.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
 From whom its various blessings spring:
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known,
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne!

69. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all nature.

1.

NATURE with all her powers shall sing
 God the creator and the king:
 Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
 Deny the tribute of their praise.

2.

Begin to make his glories known,
 Ye angels, that surround his throne;
 Exalt your strains, and spread the sound
 To the creation's utmost bound.

3.

All mortal things of meaner frame,
 Exert your force, and own his name;
 Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
 We sing his honours, and our joys.

4.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

70. C. M. MRS. ROWE.

Praise to the God of nature.

1.

BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain,
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

2.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.

3.

Take the glad burthen of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

4.

Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth æthereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault
To every bounding strain.

5.

Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky ;
Let angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony :

6.

Whilst we, with sacred rapture fired,
 The great Creator sing,
 And utter consecrated lays
 To heaven's eternal King.

71. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.
Praise to the God of nature.

1.

HAIL, King supreme ! all wise and good !
 To thee our thoughts we raise,
 While nature's beauties wide display'd
 Inspire our souls with praise.

2.

At morning, noon, and evening mild
 Thy works engage our view ;
 Oft as we gaze, our hearts exult
 With transports ever new.

3.

Thy glory beams in every star
 That gilds the gloom of night,
 And decks the rising face of morn
 With rays of cheering light.

4.

The sunny hill, the dewy lawn
 With thousand beauties shine :
 The silent grove and awful shade
 Proclaim thy power divine.

5.

From tree to tree, a constant hymn
 Employs the feather'd throng ;
 To thee their cheerful notes they swell,
 And chaunt their thankful song.

6.

Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

72. P. M. ORATORIO OF ABEL.

Nature calling man to devotion.

1.

How cheerful along the gay mead
The daisy and cowslip appear!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

2.

The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

3.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call!
Forbid it, devotion and love!

4.

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise;
My soul shall be rapt in my God.

73. L. M. ENFIELD.

Praise to the Lord of nature.

1.

O THOU, through all thy works adored,
Great power supreme, almighty Lord!
Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey!

2.

To thee, most high, to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song;
To thee will we attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

3.

Planets, those wandering worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their maker shine.

4.

From thee proceed heaven's varied store,
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow.

5.

Tempests obey thy mighty will;
Thy awful mandate to fulfill,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.

6.

Yet pleased to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters with a parent's care
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

7.

Of nature's laws and nature's king
Our tongues shall never cease to sing ;
The debt of humble praise we pay :
Father, accept the grateful lay.

74. L. M. GEORGE DYER.

God adored in his works.

1.

GREATEST of beings, source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea,
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.

2.

Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

3.

The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;
While all the stars that cheer the scene
Thee the great Lord of light proclaim :

4.

And groves and vales, and rocks and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5.

All, great Creator, all are thine,
All feel thy providential care,
And through each varying scene of life
Thy never-ceasing goodness share.

6.

But man was form'd to rise to heaven ;
And, blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

75. P. M. WATTS.

The book of nature and scripture.

1.

GREAT God, the heaven's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name :
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice :
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and bids the earth rejoice.

4.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God :
All nature joins to show thy praise :

Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

76. L. M. MRS. TOLLET.
Praise to God.

1.

FROM vocal air and concave skies
Let wafted hallelujahs sound,
And let the sacred triumphs rise
Till vaulted heaven the notes rebound.

2.

Thou solar orb, whose ruddy beam
Compels the shades of night to yield;
Thou silver moon, whose fainter gleam
Scarce trembles o'er yon azure field:

3.

Ye stars, who circle round the pole,
Illumined with distinguish'd rays;
Instruct your vocal spheres to roll
Symphonious to your Maker's praise.

4.

His name with pious praises sing,
Who kindled first the beamy light;
Who first commanded you to spring
Forth from the cells of ancient night.

5.

Ye active youth in manly prime,
Ye virgins deck'd with blooming grace,
Ye elders press'd by creeping time,
And you the infant tender race,

6.

Your voices raise with mixt acclaim
To praise the universal Lord ;
The sole, august, majestic name
O'er earth and distant heaven adored.

77. L. M. WATTS.

Universal praise to God.

1.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell :
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2.

The Lord ! how absolute he reigns !
Let every angel bend the knee ;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
His glory and his majesty.

3.

Mortals, can you refrain your tongue
When nature all around you sings ?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings !

4.

Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

5.

Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word :
O may it dwell on every tongue !
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

6.

Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays in every chord :
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

78. S. M. WATTS.

Universal praise.

1.

LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2.

Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3.

He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4.

Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5.

Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6.

By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

79. P. M. NEEDHAM.

Universal praise.

1.

COME, all my powers, unite
To praise the' eternal King,
The great Invisible,
Of life and light the spring:
Parent of good, Almighty God,
The earth and heavens obey thy nod.

2.

All ye in heaven that dwell,
And ye on earth, join all:
Him first and last and best
With cheerful voice extol:
He feels no change, nor fears an end;
His greatness who shall comprehend?

3.

Thou sun, of this great world
Both eye and quickening soul,
Whose beams extensive reach
The north and southern pole,
Thy greater Lord rejoice to praise,
Who deck'd thy orb with golden rays.

4.

Thou moon, fair queen of night,
 Who meet'st the orient sun,
 Now, hastening in thy course,
 His nearest beams dost shun :
 Praise him who all thy wanderings guides,
 And bade thee rule the swelling tides.

5.

Ye creatures chief in rank,
 For whom earth, teeming, smiles,
 And ever-bounteous heaven
 In choicest gifts distills ;
 Ye that may God your father call,
 "Crown the great hymn," be tongue for all.

80. P. M. OGILVIE.

Universal praise.

1.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name ;
 Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.

2.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God ;
 Ye thunders, speak his power :
 Lo, on the lightning's gleamy wing
 In triumph walks the eternal King ;
 The astonish'd worlds adore.

3.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies ;
Praise him who bids you roll :
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4.

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

81. L. M.

God the universal benefactor.

1.

GOD of the universe, whose hand
Has sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
The peopled worlds fulfill their race ;

2.

How vast the region, where thy will
Existence, form and order gives ;
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3.

Lord, while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below ;
Those praise thee best whose bosoms burn
To spread the gifts from thee that flow.

4.

So at the awful hour of change
Our souls the bonds of death shall tear,
Through the whole starry vast to range,
Thy bounty to admire and share.

82. C. M. FLEXMAN.

God our constant benefactor.

1.

GREAT God ! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks shall raise :
Inspire our hearts to tune the songs
Which celebrate thy praise.

2.

From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital powers :
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.

3.

Thy power, our ever present guard,
From every ill defends ;
While numerous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee descends.

4.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings
How sweet is our repose !
The morning light renews the springs
From which our comfort flows.

5.

In celebration of thy praise
May we employ our breath !
And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
We'll triumph over death.

83. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our refuge through all generations.

1.

THOU, Lord, through every changing scene
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2.

In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are blest ;
And while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

3.

Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place ;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4.

Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert and foes invade,
Revive our heart and guard our head.

5.

To thee our infant race we leave :
Them may their fathers' God receive !
That voices yet unform'd may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

84. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Trust in God.

1.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening years thy mercy show ;
That mercy crowns them as they flow.

2.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4.

In scenes exalted or deprest,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

85. L. M. WATTS.

To God our protector.

1.

HE that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And safe at night shall rest his head.

2.

He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while nature sleeps.

3.

Then will I say, "My God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower ;
I, who am form'd of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

4.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty refuge lives.

5.

He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world and spread the flood ;
He lives, and by his heavenly care
Preserves my life from every snare.

86. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for protection, mercy, and truth.

1.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2.

Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell!

4.

My heart is fixt, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name:
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5.

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

87. S. M. WATTS.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

1.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul ;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favours are divine.

2.

O bless the Lord, my soul ;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3.

'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain :
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4.

He crowns thy life with love,
When rescued from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save.

5.

He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgements for the proud,
And justice for the oppress.

6.

His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved son.

88. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

Praise for bodily and mental endowments.

1.

COME, let us bless the bounteous God,
 Who from the heavens, his high abode,
 Prepares for man life's varied treat,
 The charm that makes existence sweet :

2.

For the consummate skill display'd
 When in his image man was made ;
 For powers of high, exalted name ;
 For reason's intellectual flame :

3.

For strong affection's mystic bands,
 And duty's sacred, high commands ;
 For science, liberty, and law,
 And the blest fruits which thence we draw :

4.

For the gay innocence of youth,
 And manhood's firm undaunted truth ;
 For judgement in maturer years,
 And age withdrawn from earthly cares.

5.

What praise should warm the fervent soul
 For pure religion's grave control !
 For all its comforts, hopes and joys,
 Which cheer our passage to the skies.

89. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

The God of mercy adored.

1.

PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy ;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy :
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending
Join the universal praise.

2.

Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here, his wrath no thunder rolls :
Lo ! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of his love ;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3.

Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within :
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise :
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

90. P. M. ADDISON.

[*Psalm 23.*]

1.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

91. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to God in life and death.

1.

MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2.

In every smiling happy hour
Be this my sweet employ :
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3.

When gloomy care and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God :
My life with all its active powers
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5.

And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
Then shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6.

Then shall her powers in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay :
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

92. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to God through all the changes of life.

1.

FATHER of mercies ! God of love !

My Father and my God !

I'll sing the honours of thy name,

And spread thy praise abroad.

2.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,

Thy various love surveys :

Where shall my grateful lips begin,

Or where conclude thy praise ?

3.

In every period of my life

Thy kindest thoughts appear ;

Thy mercies gild each transient scene,

And crown each circling year.

4.

In all these mercies may my soul

A father's bounty see !

Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows

Estrange my heart from thee.

5.

In every varying mortal state,

Each bright, each gloomy scene,

Give me a meek and humble mind,

Still equal and serene.

6.

Then could I close mine eyes in death

Without one anxious fear ;

For death itself is life, my God !

If thou art with me there.

93. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Praise to the guardian of infancy and age.

1.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2.

In life's first dawn my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3.

Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store :
But ah ! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4.

While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

5.

Our frail mortality in vain
Attempts the blissful song ;
The high, the vast, the boundless strain
Claims an immortal tongue.

6.

Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

94. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

Praise for existence and protection.

1.

My Maker, and my King,
To thee my all I owe ;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

2.

Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3.

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

4.

Oh ! what can I impart,
When all is thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart :
The gift, alas, how poor !

5.

O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

95. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Joy and prosperity from the blessing of God.

1.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine :
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2.

Did we not raise our hearts to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain :
Small joy success itself would give
If thou thy love restrain.

3.

With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4.

Thus cheer us through this desert road
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

96. C. M. ANDREW MARVEL.

Gratitude to God.

1.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
Which glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ :
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

5.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
For oh ! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

97. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Praise in prosperity and adversity.

1.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :

2.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

3.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

4.

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

5.

These to thee, O God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit :

7.

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

8.

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy ;

9.

Yet to thee my soul should raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone.

98. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to God for his gracious providence.

1.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song and join the praise.

2.

Angels, that make thy church their care,
 Shall witness my devotion there,
 While holy zeal directs mine eyes
 To thy fair temple in the skies.

3.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
 Not all thy works and names below
 So much thy power and glory show.

4.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

5.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins :
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

99. P. M. WATTS.

Eternal praise to God.

1.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, or thought, or being last,
Or immortality endures.

2.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
His love their joyful lips shall tell ;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :

Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

100. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the author of our comforts and hopes.

1.

GREAT source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2.

By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the charms of men's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3.

Thy tender hand restores our breath
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4.

Our lives are sacred to the Lord,
Kindled by him, by him restored;
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5.

So when by him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To seats of nobler life above.

E

101. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Praise to God.

1.

ALMIGHTY author of my frame,
To thee my vital powers belong;
Thy praise, delightful, glorious theme!
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

2.

My heart, my life, my tongue are thine:
O be thy praise their blest employ!
But may my song with angels join,
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy?

3.

Thy glories, the seraphic lyre
On all its strings attempts in vain;
Then how shall mortals dare aspire
In thought to try the unequal strain?

4.

Yet the great sovereign of the skies
To mortals bends a gracious ear;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offer'd with a heart sincere.

5.

Great God, accept the humble praise,
And guide my heart and guide my tongue,
While to thy name I trembling raise
The grateful though unworthy song.

102. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Frail man invited to praise his Maker.

1.

GREAT King of kings, eternal God,
 Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
 Their songs to thy supreme abode,
 And join with angels in thy praise?

2.

The brightest seraph veils his face ;
 And low before thy dazzling throne
 With prostrate homage all confess
 Thou art the infinite unknown.

3.

Man, ah how far removed below,
 Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night :
 His brightest day can only show
 A few faint streaks of distant light.

4.

But see the bright, the morning star !
 His beams shall chase the shades away ;
 His beams, resplendent from afar,
 Sweet promise of immortal day !

5.

To him our longing eyes we raise,
 Our guide to thee, the great unknown :
 Through him, O may our humble praise
 Accepted rise before thy throne !

103. P. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

Humble adoration.

1.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored :
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, cœlestial goodness, hail !

2.

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Humble halleluias hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.

3.

There no tongue shall silent be ;
All shall join in harmony ;
And through heaven's all-spacious round
Praise to thee shall ever sound.

4.

Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, cœlestial goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored.

104. C. M. WATTS.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1.

YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high ;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3.

The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace ;
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

105. C. M. WATTS.

God hearing prayer.

1.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2.

When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3.

The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4.

He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfill
His grace is ever nigh.

5.

His mercy never will remove
From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

106. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Adoration of God.

1.

How shall my mortal powers aspire
To soar above this barren clod ?
How join on earth the heavenly quire,
And hymn my Saviour and my God ?

2.

Can his transcendent grandeur bow
To hear a feeble creature's praise ?
Can I propitiate, with my vow,
"The Ancient of Eternal Days ?"

3.

Yet what, but his Almighty power,
Could first from dust and ashes bring
My humblest longings to adore
The heaven and earth's all-glorious King ?

4.

Would his supreme perfections shine,
Though veil'd, yet radiant, to my sight,
Were nought but sin and sorrow mine,
And my last refuge endless night ?

5.

Stretch then, my soul, the adventurous wing ;
And dare to hope, and love, and praise.
The God who prompts thy voice to sing,
Confirms thy hopes, and claims thy lays.

6.

Thy love, a spark of heavenly fire,
His grace will raise, and still refine,
Till certainty absorbs desire,
And "heaven's eternal year is thine."

107. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

Thanksgiving for fruitful seasons.

1.

REJOICE! the Lord is king!
Your Lord and king adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2.

His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3.

He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4.

High from the æthereal plain
Bright suns their influence fling;

He gives the welcome rain
That makes the valleys sing :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

5.

He leads the circling year,
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn :
O happy mortals, raise your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

6.

Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
O bring the eternal reign
Of love and joy and praise :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

108. C. M. WATTS.

The husbandman's psalm.

1.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2.

The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3.

The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring :
 The valleys rich provision yield,
 And the poor labourers sing.

4.

The little hills on every side
 Rejoice at falling showers :
 The meadows, drest in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.

5.

The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop ;
 The parching grounds look green again,
 And raise the reaper's hope.

6.

The various months his goodness crowns ;
 How bounteous are his ways !
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout his praise.

109. C. M. WATTS.

The goodness of God in the seasons.

1.

'T is by thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal power ;
 The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.

2.

The morning light and evening shade
 Successive comforts bring ;
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3.

Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4.

Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

110. L. M. WATTS.

A hymn for morning or evening.

1.

MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3.

I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

111. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

A morning hymn.

1.

WHEN morning dawns, my soul reveres
The Great First Cause that bade the spheres
In tuneful order move :
Thine is the sable-mantled night,
Unseen Almighty, and the light
The radiance of thy love.

2.

Hark ! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays ;
And echo spreads the strain.
The streams in grateful murmurs run ;
The bleating flocks salute the sun ;
And music glads the plain.

3.

Happy the man whose tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleased the whole surveys ;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

4.

The varying year may shift the scene ;
The sounding tempest lash the main ;
And Heaven's own thunders roll :
Resign'd he views the bursting storm ;
Tempests nor thunder can deform
The morning of his soul.

112. C. M. WATTS.

A song of praise.

1.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3.

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

BOOK III.
ON THE PERFECTIONS AND PROVI-
DENCE OF GOD.

113. L. M. DR. THOMSON.

To the One God.

1.

To God, the universal king,
Sovereign of earth, and lord of heaven !
To thee alone our hearts we bring ;
To thee alone our praise is given.

2.

Whilst others bend the suppliant knee
To idols made with human hands ;
From superstition's shackles free,
We only bow to thy commands.

3.

Thou art, and thou art God alone !
Thee we adore, the One Supreme ;
Our daily praise surrounds thy throne,
Thy goodness is our nightly theme.

4.

To thee alone our praise is given,
On thee the one true God we call ;
Sovereign of earth, and lord of heaven,
Creator, king, and judge of all.

114. L. M. BROWNE.

To the One God.

1.

ETERNAL God! almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2.

Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess;
Controul'd by none in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

3.

No rival can thine honour claim;
No higher deity appears;
No equal bears thine awful name;
No other God thy glory shares.

4.

To thee alone ourselves we owe,
This homage, heaven and earth should pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

5.

Lord, spread thy name thro' heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone,
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

115. L. M. ASPLAND'S COLLECTION.

To the One God.

1.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
Jehovah, self-existent Lord,
Supreme and universal Mind,
The only God, be thou adored.

2.

From everlasting thou hast been,
To everlasting thou shalt be :
No change, no cloud can intervene
To shade thy peerless majesty.

3.

One nature and one being thou,
Sole First Great Cause, we humbly own ;
To thee alone we pay the vow,
And bend in homage round thy throne.

4.

Father of Christ, and Israel's God,
Thy name assert, thy praise restore ;
Nor rivals dare thy dread abode,
Nor creatures creature-power adore.

5.

On eagle wing send truth abroad,
Angel of peace to every clime !
Let Christian lands vouch thee their God,
The heathen raise thy praise sublime.

116. P. M. MILTON.

The perfections and providence of God.

1.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2.

Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God ;
Who by wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state :

3.

Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main :
Who by his commanding might
Fill'd the new-made world with light ;

4.

Caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day his course to run ;
And the moon to shine by night
Mid her spangled sisters bright.

5.

All his creatures God doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need :
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

6.

He his mansion hath on high,
Above reach of mortal eye :
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

117. C. M. WATTS.

The perfections and providence of God.

1.

WE sing the almighty power of God,
Who bade the mountains rise ;
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2.

We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3.

We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food ;
Who form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er we turn our eyes ;
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies !

5.

There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6.

Thy hand is our perpetual guard ;
We live beneath thine eye :
O may we ne'er forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh !

118. L. M. MERRICK.

The blessings of the year, the gift of providence.

1.

THE morn and eve thy praise resound,
Lord, as they walk the æthereal round ;
Thy visits teach the grateful soil
To recompense the labourer's toil.

2.

By unexhausted springs supplied
The river pours its copious tide,
A thousand streams in sportive play
Through the rich meadows wind their way.

3.

The clouds in frequent showers distill'd
Drop fatness on the fruitful field,
Break the rough glebe, the furrows cheer,
And crown with good the smiling year.

4.

The pastures of the extended waste
Thy gifts in rich profusion taste ;
The hills around exulting stand,
And show the bounty of thy hand.

5.

Cherish'd at length by lenient skies,
Herbage and corn luxuriant rise ;
The laughing vale assumes a tongue
And bursts triumphant into song.

119. C. M. WATTS.

Providence acknowledged in the seasons.

1.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2.

He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3.

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5.

He sends his word, and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn :
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

120. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The year crowned with the divine goodness.

1.

ETERNAL source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole :
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3.

The flowery spring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive hymns of praise :
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.

5.

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve, no more !

121. L. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

The universal providence of God.

1.

THE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim :
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.

2.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from his bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

3.

Nor to the human race alone
Is his paternal goodness shown :
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air
Enjoy his universal care.

4.

Not even a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death ;
He hears the ravens when they call :
The father and the friend of all !

122. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The bounty of providence.

1.

FATHER of lights ! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2.

Fountain of good ! from thee proceed
 The copious drops of genial rain,
 Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
 Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3.

Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;
 Yet millions of our guilty race,
 Though by thy daily bounty fed,
 Affront thy law and spurn thy grace.

4.

Not so may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
 But what thy liberal hand imparts,
 Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5.

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
 And showers in richer drops will fall,
 When all our hearts and lives are thine,
 And thou, O God, enjoyed in all.

123. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to the God of providence and grace.

1.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all his ways :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

2.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.

3.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4.

He fills the sun with morning light,
And bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5.

He sent his son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6.

Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

124. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the intellectual light.

1.

PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright ;
His presence gilds the worlds above,
The unchanging source of light and love.

2.

Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When, in substantial darkness veil'd,
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3.

“Let there be light!” Jehovah said,
And light o’er all its face was spread;
Nature, arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4.

He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5.

My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display,
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

125. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for the blessings of providence.

1.

PRAISE ye the Lord: ’tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2.

He form’d the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom’s vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown’d.

3.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5.

His saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

126. C. M. WATTS.

Works of creation and providence.

1.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true.

2.

His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3.

His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread,
And by the spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4.

He bade the swelling waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

F

5.

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
 With awe before him stand ;
 He spake : and nature took its birth,
 And rests on his command.

6.

He scorns the angry nations' rage,
 And breaks their vain designs ;
 His counsel stands through every age,
 And in full glory shines.

127. P. M. WATTS.

Works of creation and providence.

1.

YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
 Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,
 Great is your theme, your songs be new :
 Sing of his name, his words, his ways,
 His works of nature and of grace,
 How wise and holy, just and true.

2.

Justice and truth he ever loves,
 And the whole earth his goodness proves,
 His word the heavenly arches spread ;
 How wide they shine from north to south !
 And by the spirit of his mouth
 Were all the starry armies made.

3.

He gathers the wide-flowing seas ;
 Those watery treasures know their place
 In the vast storehouse of the deep :
 He spake, and gave all nature birth,
 And fires and seas, and heaven and earth
 His everlasting orders keep.

4.

Let mortals tremble, and adore
 A God of such resistless power,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands ;
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

128. S. M. WATTS.

The works and law of God.

1.

BEHOLD, the lofty sky
 Declares its maker, God ;
 And all his starry works on high
 Proclaim his power abroad.

2.

The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same ;
 While night to day, and day to night,
 Divinely teach his name.

3.

In every different land
 Their general voice is known ;
 They show the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.

4.

Ye British lands, rejoice,
 Here he reveals his word ;
 We are not left to nature's voice
 To bid us know the Lord.

5.

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6.

His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

129. L. M. ANDREW MARVEL.

[*Psalm 19.*]

1.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue æthereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2.

The unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :

4.

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found :

6.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

130. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

Contemplation of the divine works.

1.

LOOK round, O man ! survey this globe ;
Speak of creating power ;
See, nature gives a different robe
To every herb and flower.

2.

See, various beings fill the air,
And people earth and sea ;
What grateful changes form the year !
How constant night and day !

3.

Next raise thine eye ; the expanse above
A power unbounded shows ;
See, round the sun the planets move,
And various worlds compose.

4.

Then turn into thyself, O man !
With wonder view thy soul ;
Confess his power who laid each plan,
And still directs the whole.

5.

And let obedience to his laws
 Thy gratitude proclaim
 To Him, the First Almighty Cause :
 Jehovah is his name.

131. L. M. WATTS.

God known by his works.

1.

GREAT is our God ; his works of might
 To praise his glorious name unite ;
 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand,
 And wait obedient his command.

2.

His hand, unseen, sustains the poles
 On which the vast creation rolls ;
 The starry skies proclaim his power,
 His pencil glows in every flower.

3.

In various shapes and colours rise
 Ten thousand wonders to our eyes ;
 And birds, that sing with labouring throat,
 Teach us a God in every note.

4.

Across the waves, around the sky,
 There's not a place, or deep or high,
 Where the Creator has not trod,
 And left the footsteps of a God.

132. C. M. WATTS.

The wisdom of God in his works.

1.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue
To spread his name abroad.

2.

How great the works his hand has wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3.

How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,
His heavenly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read his name ?

5.

To fear his power, to trust his grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys his will.

133. L. M. WATTS.

The perfections and providence of God.

1.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep :
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgements are a mighty deep.

3.

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4.

My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

134. L. M. WATTS.

The divine perfections.

1.

GREAT God ! thy glories shall employ
Our holy fear, our humble joy ;
Our lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to the almighty King.

2.

Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend on his eternal throne ;
All nature rests upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.

3.

His sovereign power what mortal knows ?
If he command, who dare oppose ?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

4.

Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will ?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high above our line.

5.

His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace :
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

6.

The God of heaven doth condescend
To be our father and our friend :
We love his name, we love his word ;
Join, all our powers, to praise the Lord.

135. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

The never-ceasing goodness of God.

1.

HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems
ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness
sing;
The opening year his bounty shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descend-
ing.

2.

Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass and corn, and oil and
wine;
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations
meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that liberal hand con-
fessing,
Which through each heart diffuseth every
blessing.

3.

His mercy never ends; the dawn, the
shade
Still see new beauties through new scenes
display'd;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God.
The deathless soul through its immense du-
ration
Drinks, from this source, immortal conso-
lation.

4.

Burst into praise, my soul; all nature, join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine;
While human years are measured by the
 sun,
And while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness in perpetual showers descend-
 ing,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.

136. C. M. BROWNE.

The goodness of God.

1.

LORD, thou art good; all nature shows
Its mighty maker kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows
Full, free, and unconfined.

2.

The whole and every part proclaims
Unlimited good-will;
It shines in stars and flows in streams,
And broods on every hill.

3.

It spreads through all the spreading main,
And heavens, which spread more wide;
It drops in every shower of rain,
And rolls on every tide.

4.

Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
Lord, let such love attract mine eyes,
And captivate my heart.

5.

High admiration let it raise,
 And kind affections move ;
 Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
 And fill my soul with love.

137. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The divine goodness.

1.

TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns
 Through all the wide cœlestial plains,
 And its full streams redundant flow
 Down to the abodes of men below.

2.

Through nature's works its glories shine :
 The cares of providence are thine :
 And thou hast raised within our frame
 A fairer temple to thy name.

3.

O give to every human heart
 To taste and feel how good thou art ;
 With grateful love and reverent fear
 To know how blest thy children are.

4.

Let nature burst into a song :
 Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong :
 Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
 All vocal with your Maker's praise.

5.

Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue :
 Its sweetest notes belong to you,
 Chosen by heaven's almighty King
 For ever round his throne to sing.

138. L. M. WATTS.

The mercy of God.

1.

THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways !
How firm his truth, how large his grace !
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2.

Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3.

Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The guilt of those whom he approves.

4.

The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength which he bestows.

5.

He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies ;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

6.

But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure :
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

The free mercy of God.

1.

WHEN mercy is the theme,
Who shall refuse to sing?
Angels with ceaseless song proclaim
Heaven's gracious King.
O could we catch the strain
That swells their golden wires,
And, feebly, back reflect again
Their sacred fires!

2.

It held its holy place
In the Creator's breast
Long ere the guilty human race
Its power confess'd :
When o'er the lawless earth
Vice like a tempest drove,
When monstrous sin sprang forth to birth,
Yet mercy strove.

3.

When Judah dared rebel,
How soft compassion spoke !
"Why will ye die, O Israel?"
Why God provoke?
He asks no sacrifice,
But hearts made pure and clean,
Set free from galling chains of vice,
And hating sin.

4.

Free as the almighty will,
No bound his mercy knows,

Demands no aid to reconcile,
But freely flows.
The wounded contrite soul,
Which hates its follies past,
And seeks religion's grave controul,
Sweet peace shall taste.

140. P. M. WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

Divine mercy.

1.

'TIS mercy calls: awake each grateful string;
Resound the praises of our heavenly King;
In strains of joy proclaim abroad
The boundless mercy of our God,
The mercies shown us from above,
The wonders of redeeming love:
Come, let us in one sacred chorus join,
Till our united voices reach the seats divine.

2.

The Lord, though seated far beyond the sky,
Yet sees the wretched with a pitying eye;
His eye beholds each anxious care,
The lonely sigh, the silent tear:
He sees the widow's streaming eye,
And hears the hungry orphan's cry:
Depending worlds his sacred bounty share,
All creatures find a part of their Creator's
care.

3.

Hear this, ye pious but dejected minds,
Whom error darkens or whom weakness
blinds;

Lift from the dust your mournful eye,
 And know the Lord, your help, is nigh;
 These sorrows from your breasts shall
 roll,

And comfort bless the humble soul :
 Let cheerful hope in every bosom spring,
 For boundless mercy dwells with heaven's
 immortal King.

4.

All ye who bend beneath the stroke of time,
 And ye whose cheeks confess their healthy
 prime,
 Your Maker and Preserver praise
 For early and for lengthen'd days !
 The pious and the grateful song
 Shall lisp upon the infant's tongue ;
 While heavenly mercy soothes the mourner's
 care,
 And bids the saint rejoice, the sinner not
 despair.

141. S. M. WATTS.

Mercy in the midst of judgement.

1.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

2.

High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

3.

His power subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4.

The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.

5.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

142. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

The compassion of God.

1.

O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares controul,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul,

2.

Did ever thine indulgent ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh
Or supplicate in vain ?

3.

Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolved
 In penitential tears,
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
 And dissipates our fears.

4.

New life from thy refreshing grace
 Our sinking hearts receive;
 Thy gentlest, best-loved attribute,
 To pity and forgive.

5.

From that blest source, propitious hope
 Appears serenely bright,
 And sheds her soft diffusive beam
 O'er sorrow's dismal night.

6.

Our griefs confess her vital power,
 And bless the friendly ray
 Which ushers in the smiling morn
 Of everlasting day.

143. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's compassion to human frailty.

1.

LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
 And make that name our trust,
 Which raised at first this curious frame
 From mean and lifeless dust.

2.

Awhile these frail machines endure,
 The fabric of a day;
 Then know their vital powers no more,
 But moulder back to clay.

3.

Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
 This thought is our repose,
 That he by whom this frame was rear'd
 Its various weakness knows.

4.

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
 Whilst struggling with our load ;
 In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
 Our father and our God.

5.

Gently supported by thy love,
 We tend to realms of peace ;
 Where every pain shall far remove,
 And every frailty cease.

144. C. M. WATTS.

The faithfulness of God.

1.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing ;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

2.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound his power abroad ;
 Sing the kind promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.

3.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord
 For sinful dying men :
 His hand hath writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.

4.

Engraved as in eternal brass
 The gracious promise shines,
 Nor can the powers of darkness rase
 The everlasting lines.

5.

His very word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies :
 The voice which rolls the stars along
 Speaks all the promises.

145. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

The faithfulness of God in his promises.

1.

THE promises I sing,
 Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
 Nor will the eternal King
 His words of grace revoke ;
 They stand secure
 And steadfast still ;
 Not Zion's hill
 Abides so sure.

2.

The mountains melt away
 When once the judge appears,
 And sun and moon decay,
 That measure mortal years ;
 But still the same
 In radiant lines
 The promise shines
 Through all the flame.

3.

Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres ;
Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

146. C. M. WATTS.

The justice and goodness of God.

1.

GIVE thanks to God, the heavenly king,
Whose mercies still endure ;
Let the whole earth his praises sing,
Whose truth is ever sure.

2.

Thy justice, Lord, maintains its throne,
Though mountains melt away ;
Thy judgements are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

3.

Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast ;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children love to rest.

4.

From thee, when earthly streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

5.

Though all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
 Thy presence makes eternal day,
 Where clouds can never rise.

147. L. M. WATTS.

God incomprehensible and all-powerful.

1.

CAN creatures to perfection find
 The eternal, uncreated mind?
 Or can the largest stretch of thought
 Measure and search his nature out?

2.

'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell;
 And what can mortals know or tell?
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all the shining worlds on high.

3.

God is a king of power unknown,
 Firm are the orders of his throne:
 If he resolve, who dare oppose,
 Or ask him why or what he does?

4.

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
 The pillars of heaven's starry roof
 Tremble and start at his reproof.

5.

He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
 The crooked serpent and the worm:
 He breaks the billows with his breath,
 And smites the sons of pride to death.

6.

These are a portion of his ways :
But who shall dare describe his face ?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunder of his hand ?

148. C. M. WATTS.

The infinity of God.

1.

SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our Eternal King.

2.

Thy names how infinite they be,
Great Everlasting One !
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

3.

Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And infinite thy grace :
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

4.

The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds :
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
Or fly before the winds :

5.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole :
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overwhelms our soul.

6.

In vain our haughty reason swells ;
 For nothing's found in thee,
 But boundless inconceivables,
 And vast eternity.

149. S. M. WATTS.

The holiness of God.

1.

THE God Jehovah reigns :
 Let all the nations fear ;
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 And saints be humble there.

2.

The God Jehovah reigns :
 Let earth adore its Lord ;
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
 Swift to fulfill his word.

3.

In Zíon is his throne,
 His honours are divine ;
 His church shall make his wonders known,
 For there his glories shine.

4.

How holy is his name !
 How wonderful his praise !
 Justice and truth and judgement join
 In all his works of grace.

150. L. M. WATTS.

The all-seeing God.[*Psalm 139.*]

1.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3.

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5.

O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

151. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

The power of God.

1.

'Twas God who form'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies ;
Who fix'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2.

From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined,
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3.

He darts along the burning skies,
Loud thunders round him roar ;
All heaven attends him as he flies,
All hell proclaims his power.

4.

He speaks : great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round ;
The mountains melt, each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

5.

He scatters nations with his breath,
The scatter'd nations fly ;
Blue pestilence and spreading death
Confess the Godhead nigh.

6.

Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfill his high command ;
Pay duteous homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

152. C. M. WATTS.

The power of God miraculously displayed.

1.

SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise :
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.

2.

Say to the power that shakes the sky,
“How terrible art thou !
“Sinners before thy presence fly,
“Or at thy feet they bow.”

3.

Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways !
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas.

4.

He made the ebbing channel dry
While Israel pass'd the flood :
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.

5.

He rules by his resistless might :
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke the Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war ?

6.

O bless our God, and never cease :
Ye saints, fulfill his praise :
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

153. L. M. WATTS.

The dominion of God.

1.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong ;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,
His honours shall enrich your verse.

2.

His name Jehovah sounds on high :
He rides and thunders through the sky :
Ye saints, rejoice before his face,
Exalt the wonders of his grace.

3.

The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in deep distress :
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.

4.

He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again ;
But rebels that dispute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

5.

Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest ;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest :
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

154. P. M. WATTS.

The eternal dominion of God.

1.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains ;
His head with awful glories crown'd,
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2.

Upheld by thy commands
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word :
Thy throne was fixt on high
Before the starry sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3.

Let angry nations rage,
And all their powers engage ;
Let swelling tides assault the sky :
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

4.

Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new :
There fixt, thy church shall ne'er remove ;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

155. C. M. WATTS.

God's eternal dominion.

1.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3.

Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great judgement-day.

4.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view :
To thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God, there's nothing new.

5.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6.

Great God, how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

156. L. M. WATTS.

The eternal and sovereign God.

1.

JEHOVAH reigns ; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

3.

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies :
Vain floods, that swell their waves so high !
At his rebuke the billows die.

4.

For ever shall his throne endure :
His promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

157. L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

God the eternal sovereign.

1.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, who o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2.

How surely stablisht is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still the noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they who in thy presence dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excell.

158. C. M. WATTS.

The greatness of God.

1.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2.

Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

6.

The world is govern'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

159. L. M. WATTS.

The greatness of God.

1.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim:
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
 And speak thy majesty divine :
 Let Britain round her shores proclaim
 The sound and honour of thy name.

5.

Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise,
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labour of their tongue.

6.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

160. C. M. ENFIELD'S COLLECTION.

The greatness of God.

1.

HEAVEN, earth, and all created things,
 Attend your Maker's word ;
 My soul stands trembling while she sings
 The honours of her Lord.

2.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
 Hang on his firm decree ;
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.

3.

Ten thousand ages ere the skies
 Were into motion brought,
 All future years, and worlds to come,
 Stood present to his thought.

4.

His mighty voice bade ancient night
Her boundless realms resign;
And lo, ten thousand worlds of light
In fields of azure shine.

5.

His wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame;
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep reverence to his name.

161. S. M. WATTS.

God's sovereignty and goodness.

1.

O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2.

When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies:

3.

When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,—
Lord, what is man, that mortal thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4.

Lord, what is mortal man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5.

O Lord, our heavenly King,
 Thy name is all divine :
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.

162. C. M. BROWNE.

All things made for God.

1.

GREAT first of beings ! mighty Lord
 Of all this mighty frame !
 Produced by thy creating word,
 The world from nothing came.

2.

Thy voice sent forth the high command :
 'Twas instantly obey'd ;
 And for thy pleasure all things stand,
 Which by thy power were made.

3.

Thy glories shine throughout the whole,
 Each part reflects thy light ;
 For thee in course the planets roll,
 And day succeeds to night.

4.

For thee the sun dispenses heat,
 And beams of cheering light ;
 The distant stars in order set
 Break through the shades of night.

5.

For thee the earth its produce yields,
 For thee the waters flow ;
 And plants and trees adorn the fields,
 And ALL thy goodness show.

6.

Let us too, Lord, with zeal pursue
This wise and noble end,
That all we think and all we do
May to thy glory tend.

163. C. M. WATTS.

The eternity of God.

1.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And call forth every tuneful sound,
To praise the eternal God.

2.

Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Ere men were form'd, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

3.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime:
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And Ever is his time.

4.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal Now,
And sees our ages waste.

5.

The seas and skies must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures, look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6.

Well, let the sea shrink all away,
 And flame melt down the skies ;
 My God shall live an endless day,
 When this creation dies.

164. L. M.

Nature perishable, God eternal.

1.

MOONS, planets, suns that swim the sky,
 Shine to the praise of God most high :
 Their lasting lustre he has given
 To all the moving host of heaven.

2.

Yet even stars shall cease to burn,
 And to primæval night return ;
 Systems of worlds themselves decay,
 To him the insects of a day.

3.

But he remains : and he shall give
 The extinguisht elements to live ;
 Bid them in new creation roll,
 And still extend the peopled whole.

165. L. M. WATTS.

To the almighty and unchangeable Creator.

1.

WITH holy fear, with humble song,
 The mighty God, our souls, adore ;
 Reverence and awe become the tongue
 That speaks the wonders of his power.

2.

He spake the wondrous word : and lo,
Creation rose at his command ;
The rolling orbs their limits know,
Guided by his almighty hand.

3.

Nature with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
On every labour of his hands
Is stamp't the image of a God.

4.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon ;
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

5.

Proclaim his praise, ye powers on high,
His praise let every region hear ;
And while his name sounds thro' the sky,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

166. C. M. WATTS.

The immutability of God.

1.

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God !
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2.

The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3.

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
 Form'd by thy powerful hand,
 Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
 And changed at thy command.

4.

But thy perfections, all divine,
 Eternal as thy days,
 Through everlasting ages shine
 With undiminisht rays.

5.

Thy servants' children, still thy care,
 Shall own their fathers' God,
 To latest times thy favour share,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

167. C. M. STERNHOLD.

The majesty of God.

1.

THE Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens most high,
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

2.

On cherub and on cherubim
 Full royally he rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

3.

He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain;
 And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.

168. C. M. WATTS.

The power and majesty of God celebrated.

1.

WITH reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2.

How terrible thy glories be !
How bright thine armies shine !
Where is the power that vies with thee ?
Or truth compared with thine ?

3.

The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand ;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4.

Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
Thou bidst the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5.

Justice and judgement are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;
While truth and mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy face.

169. C. M. REES'S COLLECTION.

The condescension of God.

1.

AMIDST the heavenly powers sublime
 God's throne is fixt on high,
 And through eternity he hears
 The praises of the sky.

2.

Yet, looking down, he visits oft
 The humble, hallow'd cell,
 And with the penitent who mourns
 'Tis his delight to dwell :

3.

The downcast spirit to revive,
 The sorrowful to cheer,
 And from the bed of dust the man
 Of contrite heart to rear.

4.

With him dwells no relentless wrath
 Against the human race :
 The men whom he has form'd shall find
 A refuge in his grace.

170. P. M. ROBINSON.

Praise to the mighty God.

1.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.

2.

Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise :

3.

For the grandeur of thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought :

4.

For thy providence, that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.

5.

But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along ;
 Thought is poor, and poor expression :
 Who dare sing that awful song ?

171. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

God approached with awe and reverence.

1.

ETERNAL power, almighty God,
 Who can approach thy throne ?
 Accessless light is thine abode,
 To angel eyes unknown.

2.

Before the radiance of thine eye
 The heavens no longer shine,
 And all the glories of the sky
 Are but the shade of thine.

3.

How strange, how awful is thy love !
With trembling we adore ;
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

4.

While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise, and sing thy praise.

172. C. M. WATTS.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1.

BLEST is the nation where the Lord
Hath fixt his gracious throne ;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2.

His eye with infinite survey
Does the whole world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3.

Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave ;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse.
Can the bold rider save.

4.

Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence ;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5.

God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread ;
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

6.

Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne ;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

173. P. M. WATTS.

God the preserver.

1.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made ;
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2.

My feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears :
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4.

Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath :

I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call'st me home.

174. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

God the preserver of men.

1.

THE mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm and fire and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine,
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
That fill this chequer'd scene.

2.

His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls :

While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry
When human misery calls.

3.

Eternal God ! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love with soul sincere,
Thine awful glorious name !
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days,
Nor limit for thy fame.

175. L. M. WATTS.

All creatures dependent upon God.

1.

VAST are thy works, almighty Lord !
All nature rests upon thy word ;
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

2.

But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return :
Both man and beast their souls resign ;
Life, breath and spirit, all are thine.

3.

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men :
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

4.

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke ;
And at thy touch the mountains smoke :
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

5.

In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet :
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

176. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Man dependent on God.

1.

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2.

Thou givest with a father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3.

All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

4.

Be this our care ; to all beside
Indifferent let our wishes be :
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixt our souls, O God, on thee.

177. P. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Gratitude to God for his constant goodness.

1.

GREAT source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health and friends and food,
And peace and calm content :
Like fragrant incense, to the skies
Let songs of grateful praises rise
For all thy blessings lent.

2.

Through all the dangers of the day
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide ;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

3.

Thy smiles with a reviving light
Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;
Thy watchful love around our bed
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.

4.

To thee our lives, our all we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above ;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

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5.

Thus, gracious Father, thee we praise;
 And while our feeble songs we raise
 To bless thee and adore,
 Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
 And teach each humble, grateful heart
 To bless and love thee more.

178. C. M. ADDISON.

God the refuge of his servants.

1.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.

2.

Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
 Makes every region please;
 The hoary alpine hills it warms,
 And smooths the boisterous seas.

3.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.

4.

From all my griefs and straits, O Lord,
 Thy mercy sets me free,
 Whilst in the confidence of prayer
 My heart takes hold on thee.

5.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

6.

My life, if thou preserve my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And O may death, when death shall come,
 Unite my soul to thee !

179. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the happiness and support of his people.

1.

MY God, whose all-pervading eye
 Views earth beneath and heaven above,
 Witness if here or there thou seest
 An object of mine equal love.

2.

Not the gay scenes where mortal men
 Pursue their bliss and find their woe
 Detain my rising heart, which springs
 The nobler joys of heaven to view.

3.

Not all the fairest sons of light,
 That lead the army round thy throne,
 Can bound its flight : it presses on,
 And seeks its rest in God alone.

4.

This feeble flesh shall faint and die,
 This heart renew its pulse no more ;
 Even now it views the moment nigh,
 When life's last movements all are o'er.

5.

But come, thou vanquish'd king of dread,
 With thine own hand thy power destroy :
 'Tis thine to bear my soul to God,
 My portion, and eternal joy.

180. C. M. DARWIN.

Trust in God in prosperity and adversity.

1.

THE Lord, how tender is his love !
 His justice how august !
 Hence all her fears my soul derives,
 There anchors all her trust.

2.

He showers the manna from above,
 To feed the barren waste ;
 Or points with death the fiery hail,
 And famine waits the blast.

3.

He bids distress forget to groan,
 The sick from anguish cease ;
 In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
 And softly whispers peace.

4.

His power directs the rushing wind,
 Or tips the bolt with flame :
 His goodness breathes in every breeze,
 And warms in every beam.

5.

For me, O Lord, whatever lot
 The hours commission'd bring,
 Do all my withering blessings die,
 Or fairer clusters spring,

6.

O grant that still with grateful heart
My years resign'd may run :
'Tis thine to give or to resume,
And may thy will be done !

181. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

Trust in God through all the changes of life.

1.

FATHER divine, before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye :
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises
hear !

Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

2.

From thee our vital breath we drew,
Our childhood was thy care,
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share :
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises
hear !

Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

3.

Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
Opprest with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose :
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises
hear !

Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

4.

To thee we look, thou power supreme ;
 O still our wants supply !
 Safe in thy presence may we live,
 And in thy favour die !
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises
 hear !
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

182. L. M. WATTS.

Trust in the divine grace and justice.

1.

MY spirit looks to God alone ;
 My rock and refuge is his throne ;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.

2.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before his face :
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient aid.

3.

Make not increasing gold your trust,
 Nor set your hearts on glittering dust ;
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
 And not believe what God has spoke ?

4.

Once has his awful voice declared,
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 " All power is his eternal due ;
 " He must be fear'd and trusted too."

5.

For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne :
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

183. C. M. COWPER.

Providence.

1.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

184. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The ways of the righteous known to God.

1.

To thee, my God, my days are known;
 My soul enjoys the thought;
 My actions all before thy face,
 Nor are my wants forgot.

2.

Each secret breath devotion vents
 Is vocal to thine ear;
 And all my walks of daily life
 Before thine eye appear.

3.

The vacant hour, the active scene,
 Thy mercy shall approve;
 And every pang of sympathy,
 And every care of love.

4.

Each golden hour of beaming light
 Is gilded by thy rays;
 And dark affliction's midnight gloom
 A present God surveys.

5.

Full in thy view through life I pass,
 And in thy view I die,
 And when each mortal bond is broke
 Shall find my God is nigh.

6.

Stript of its little earthly all
My soul in smiles shall go,
And in a heavenly heritage
Its Father's bounty know.

185. L. M. WATTS.

God the protector of the righteous.

1.

THE Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky :
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2.

O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame :
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of vice defends.

3.

Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown :
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord :
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

186. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The goodness of God to the righteous.

1.

OUR souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace ;
How much bestow'd, how much reserved,
For those who seek thy face !

2.

Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;
And in the covenant of thy love
They find diviner store.

3.

But oh ! what treasures yet unknown
Are lodged in worlds to come !
If these the enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home !

4.

And what shall mortal worms reply,
Or how such goodness own ?
But 'tis our joy, that, Lord, to thee
Thy servants' hearts are known.

5.

Since time's too short, all-gracious God,
To utter half thy praise,
Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

BOOK IV.
ON CHRISTIAN BLESSINGS.

187. C. M. COWPER.

Praise for divine revelation.

1.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.

3.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

188. C. M. WATTS.

Praise for the gospel.

1.

To our almighty maker, God,
New honours be addrest;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2.

Happy the man who hears and knows
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path he goes,
And light his steps surround.

3.

God rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

4.

Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

189. S. M. WATTS.

The gospel the source of pious gratulation.

1.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2.

How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
' Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
' He reigns and triumphs here !'

3.

How blessed are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

4.

How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5.

Christians, unite your tongues,
And cheerful notes employ ;
Let saving love inspire your songs,
And heathens learn the joy.

190. L. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

The love of God displayed in the gospel.

1.

To thee my heart, eternal King,
Would now its thankful tribute bring ;
To thee its humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

2.

All nature shows thy boundless love
In worlds below and worlds above ;
But in thy blessed word I trace
The richer glories of thy grace.

3.

There, what delightful truths are given !
 There Jesus shows the way to heaven ;
 His name salutes my listening ear,
 Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4.

There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
 And gives the labouring conscience peace ;
 Raises our grateful feelings high,
 And points to mansions in the sky.

5.

For love like this, O may my song
 Through endless years thy praise prolong ;
 And distant climes thy name adore,
 Till time and nature are no more !

191. C. M. WATTS.

The excellency of scripture.[*Psalm 119.*]

1.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage ;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

2.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
 That guides us all the day ;
 And through the dangers of the night
 A lamp to lead our way.

3.

I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.

4.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

5.

The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

192. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

The salutary effects of the gospel.

1.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain :
To heaven, from whence it came,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all its secret store.

2.

Array'd in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3.

“So,” saith the God of grace,
“My gospel shall descend,
“Almighty to effect
“The purpose I intend ;
“Millions of souls shall feel its power,
“And bear it down to millions more.”

193. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The happy effects of religious knowledge.

1.

BRIGHT source of intellectual rays,
Father of spirits and of grace,
O dart with energy unknown
Cœlestial beamings from thy throne !

2.

Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlighten'd with that heavenly ray,
And ask thy spirit, with the word
To teach our souls to know the Lord.

3.

So shall our children learn the road
That leads them to their fathers' God ;
And, form'd by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.

4.

So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children placed at Jesus' feet :
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

194. C. M. J. TAYLOR.

The mission of Christ.

1.

“PREPARE,” the appointed herald cried,
 “The Lord’s straight path prepare :
 “Let valleys rise, let hills subside,
 “And rugged ways grow fair.

2.

“Then shall the race of man behold
 “Salvation from on high ;
 “Then shall the Saviour long foretold
 “Commence his ministry.”

3.

Spotless the heaven-taught Teacher stood,
 And meekly bow’d his head,
 While from old Jordan’s sacred flood
 Baptismal rites were shed.

4.

Now spake the announcing voice of heaven,
 While bright the glory shone :
 “To you the Christ of God is given,
 “Jehovah’s chosen Son !

5.

“Him hear; with him my covenant stands;
 “With power I him invest;
 “I place my sceptre in his hands,
 “My truth inspires his breast.”

6.

With joy we hear the gospel’s laws ;
 We love the Saviour’s name ;
 We bless the First Eternal Cause,
 From age to age the same.

195. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

Praise to God for the mission of Christ.

1.

PRAISE ye the Lord who reigns above,
 Fixt on his throne of truth and love :
 Behold the finger of his power,
 Contemplate, wonder, and adore.

2.

When man, debased and guilty man,
 From crime to crime with madness ran,
 Well might his arm its thunders launch,
 And blast the ungrateful, root and branch.

3.

But clemency with justice strove
 To save the people of his love :
 "Go, David's greater son !" he cried,
 "Be thou their teacher, thou their guide."

4.

The eastern star with glory streams,
 It comes with healing on its beams :
 Dark mists of error fleet away,
 And Judah hails the rising day.

5.

His sacred memory we bless,
 Whose holy gospel we profess ;
 And praise that great Almighty Name
 From whom this light and favour came.

196. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise to God for the mission of Christ.

1.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng :
For angels no such love have known
To awake a cheerful song.

2.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given :
For lo, the blessed Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

3.

Justice and grace with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn :
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
Now such a child is born.

4.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

197. C. M. WATTS.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1.

JOY to the world ! the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her king ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2.

Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns,
 Let men their songs employ,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground :
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 To earth's remotest bound.

4.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

198. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The coming of Christ.

1.

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
 The Saviour promised long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

2.

On him the spirit largely pour'd
 Exerts its sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

3.

He comes the prisoners to release,
 So long in bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

4.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour cœlestial day.

5.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

6.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

199. C. M. LOGAN.

The glory of the Messiah.

1.

HE who spread forth the arch of heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
And form'd the human soul :

2.

Thus saith the Lord, "Thee have I sent,
" A prophet from the sky,
" Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
" The message from on high.

3.

" Before thy face the shades of death
" Shall take to sudden flight,
" The people who in darkness dwell
" Shall hail a glorious light :

4.

“ The gates of brass shall ’sunder burst,
 “ The iron fetters fall ;
 “ The promised jubilee of heaven
 “ Appointed rise o’er all.

5.

“ And lo ! presaging thy approach,
 “ The heathen temples shake,
 “ And trembling in forsaken fanes
 “ The fabled idols quake.

6.

“ I am Jehovah : I am One :
 “ My name shall now be known ;
 “ No idol shall usurp my praise,
 “ Nor mount into my throne.”

7.

Now sing a new song to the Lord,
 Let earth his praise resound ;
 Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
 And fill the isles around.

8.

Let all, combined with one accord,
 Jehovah’s glories raise,
 Till in remotest bounds of earth
 The nations sound his praise.

200. P. M. T. SCOTT.

The resurrection of Christ.

1.

ANGEL, roll the rock away ;
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;
 See he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing in immortal bloom.

2.

Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song
Let the strains be sweet and strong ;
Shout the Son of God this morn
From his sepulchre new born.

3.

Hail ! victorious Jesus, hail !
On thy cloud of glory sail,
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4.

Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero ! through them ride ;
King of glory ! mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thine own.

5.

Powers of heaven ! seraphic fires !
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men, in humble strain
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

6.

Every note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell :
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king ?

201. L. M. BUTCHER.

The resurrection of Christ.

1.

HOSANNA ! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King ;
Recount his victories, and tell
How Jesus triumph'd when he fell.

2.

Soon as the morning's earliest ray
Brings on the third, the appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise !

3.

With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes ;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.

4.

Ye tribes of Adam, raise the song,
And bid angelic harps prolong
The triumphs of that day of grace
Which seal'd salvation to our race.

5.

Salvation ! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord ;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquer'd when he fell.

202. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

[*"He is not here, but is risen."* Luke xxiv. 6.]

1.

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2.

Thus low the Lord of light was brought,
Such wonders love can do ;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you.

3.

Then raise your eyes and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

4.

High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head ;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5.

With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
Through all his shining way.

203. C. M. WATTS.

The inheritance of Christians.

1.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2.

When from the dead he raised his son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3.

What though his uncontrol'd decree
Commands us back to dust ?
Yet, as our Lord and Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4.

There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5.

Saints by the power of God are kept
Till this salvation come:
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till he shall call us home.

204. P. M. ASPLAND'S COLLECTION.
Creation, redemption, and restoration.

1.

SONS of Adam! join to raise
Songs of gratitude and praise;
Emulate the choirs above,
Celebrate eternal love.

2.

Speak your pleasures, happy race!
Objects of your Father's grace!
All the family of earth,
Glory in your heavenly birth.

3.

Raptured, all the sons of light
Hail'd the moment, mercy bright,
When in beauty rose this globe,
Teeming life its gorgeous robe.

4.

More the joy, the rapture higher,—
Joy and rapture love inspire,—
When to Jesus, lord from heaven,
Thus the glorious charge was given:

5.

“ Go, proclaim Jehovah’s grace ;
 “ Fear destroy, and guilt efface ;
 “ Conquer death, unbar the grave :
 “ Lo ! thy work—the world to save.”

6.

But the joy, the ecstasy !
 Language here and praises die,
 When from myriad happy tongues
 Warble thus immortal songs :

7.

“ Where, O Sin, thy deadly sting ?
 “ Where thy power, terrific king ?
 “ Christ triumphant ! man restored !
 “ God in all, by all adored !”

205. L. M. WATTS.

The character and exaltation of Christ.

1.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy son,
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2.

Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 And wise and good are his commands :
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

3.

With power he vindicates the just,
 And treads the oppressor in the dust ;
 His worship and his fear shall last
 Till hours and years and time be past.

4.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down :
His grace on fainting souls distills,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6.

The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

206. L. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Reverence and love to Jesus.

1.

FATHER of Jesus, God of love,
Of every joy and hope the spring !
For the rich grace by him bestow'd
To thee our grateful praise we bring.

2.

Of pardon and eternal life
Thy mercy form'd the gracious plan ;
And Jesus, sent by thee, convey'd
The glorious news to sinful man.

3.

To seal the covenant which he brought,
He pass'd thro' suffering, shame, and death ;
And shall not we his claims revere,
And love him to our latest breath ?

4.

O may his love our hearts inspire
His holy precepts to obey ;
His spirit ever be our own,
His promise cheer in life's last day !

5.

And when we stand before his bar,
May Jesus own us as his friends !
Then to his glory we shall rise,
And share the bliss which never ends.

207. C. M. ENFIELD.
The example of Christ.

1.

BEHOLD where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2.

The largest love of human kind
Inspired his godlike breast ;
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindness was exprest.

3.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

4.

Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wiped their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

5.

Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn
 Patient and meek he stood ;
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
 He labour'd for their good.

6.

To God he left his righteous cause,
 And still his task pursued ;
 While humble prayer and holy faith
 His fainting strength renew'd.

7.

In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne
 With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
 " Thy will, not mine, be done !"

8.

Be Christ our pattern and our guide !
 His image may we bear !
 O may we tread his sacred steps,
 And his bright glories share !

208. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

[*I am the good shepherd.* John x.]

1.

As the good shepherd leads his sheep
 Through paths secure,
 And, whilst a-fold by night they sleep,
 Doth keep them sure ;
 So the true shepherd, Christ, our souls doth
 guide,
 Safe in his eye, protected by his side.

2.

Great Shepherd ! do we know thy voice,
 And follow thee ?
 Is thy safe fold our rule and choice,
 From bondage free ?
 Upheld by faith the obedient sheep shall
 stand,
 "And none shall pluck them from thy Fa-
 "ther's hand."

3.

But oh ! what mortal tongue shall sing
 Thy wondrous love ?
 Death could not with his threatened sting
 Thy purpose move :
 Conqueror of death, and pledge of life to rise,
 Joy of the earth, and heir of subject skies.

4.

Shepherd ! with joy we hear thy call
 That leads to heaven :
 Let none from that salvation fall
 So freely given !
 But, as thy sacred records long foretold,
 Be the wide-peopled earth 'one happy fold.

209. S. M. NEEDHAM.

Christ the light of the world.

1.

BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
 The chosen of the Lord,
 God's well-beloved son, fulfills
 The sure prophetic word.

2.

No royal pomp adorns
 This king of righteousness :
 Meekness and patience, truth and love
 Compose his princely dress.

3.

The spirit of the Lord,
 In rich abundance shed,
 On this great prophet gently lights,
 And rests upon his head.

4.

Jesus, thou light of men !
 Thy doctrine life imparts :
 O may we feel its quickening power
 To warm and glad our hearts !

5.

Cheer'd by thy beams, our souls
 Shall run the heavenly way :
 The path which thou hast mark'd and trod
 Will lead to endless day.

210. L. M. WATTS.

The extent and blessings of Christ's kingdom.

1.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And princes throng to crown his head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

3.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our king ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

211. L. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Praise for the blessings given through Jesus.

1.

To God, of every good the spring,
The tribute of your praises bring,
For grace and truth through Jesus given,
Mercy, and peace, and hopes of heaven.

2.

Grateful the joyous news proclaim,
Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
Salvation!—shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around.

3.

Jesus!—that name shall calm their fears,
Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears ;
Shall ease the anxious throbbing breast,
And give the weary mourner rest.

4.

Jesus !—our prophet, saviour, king,
 For Jesus grateful praise we bring
 To thee, from whom his blessings flow'd,
 To thee, our Father and our God.

212. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

[*Luke* xii. 32.]

1.

YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
 Dismiss your anxious cares;
 Look to the shepherd of your souls,
 And smile away your fears.

2.

Your Father will a kingdom give,
 And give it with delight;
 His feeblest child his love shall call
 To triumph in his sight.

3.

Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
 For sure supports like these,
 And o'er the pious dead we sing
 Thy living promises.

4.

For all we have, for all we hope,
 We bless thy sacred name;
 Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
 Which breaks this mortal frame.

213. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
God our guide and guardian.

1.

LET great Jehovah be adored,
 The eternal, all-sufficient Lord !
 He through the world most high confest,
 By whom 'twas form'd, and is possest.

2.

Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
 The God of Abram, God of peace ;
 Now by a dearer title known,
 Father and God of Christ his son.

3.

Through every age his gracious ear
 Is open to his servants' prayer ;
 Nor can one humble soul complain
 That it hath sought its God in vain.

4.

What unbelieving heart shall dare
 In whispers to suggest a fear,
 While still he owns his ancient name,
 The same his power, his love the same ?

5.

To thee our souls in faith arise,
 To thee we lift expecting eyes,
 And boldly through the desert tread ;
 For God will guard where God shall lead.

214. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The invitations of Jesus.

[*Matt. xi. 28.*]

1.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

2.

Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

3.

Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :

4.

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

5.

Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

215. P. M. HENRY MOORE.

The unrivalled beauty and glory of religion.

1.

SOFT are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,

And soft the vernal gale :

Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,

That gladden every vale.

2.

But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,

That whispers sins forgiven ;

And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptured soul she tells
Of peace and promised heaven.

3.

Fair are the flowers that deck the ground ;
And groves and gardens blooming round

Unnumber'd charms unfold :

Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day
That robe the clouds in gold.

4.

But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness drest,

Where heaven's own graces shine ;

And brighter far the prospects rise
That burst on faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine.

216. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The holy scriptures the spring of consolation.

1.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
For these cœlestial lines !

2.

Here, springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4.

O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

217. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Praise for divine mercy.

1.

AWAKE, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
My God demands the grateful song :
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord.

2.

Divinely free his mercy flows,
 Forgives my crimes, allays my woes;
 He bids approaching death remove,
 And crowns me with a father's love.

3.

He fills my longing soul with good,...
 Substantial bliss! immortal food!
 Youth smiles renew'd in active prime,
 And triumphs o'er the power of time.

4.

In him the poor opprest shall find
 A friend almighty, just and kind;
 His gracious acts, his wondrous ways,
 By Jesus taught, proclaim his praise.

5.

As distant as creating power
 Has fixt the east and western shore,
 So far our numerous crimes remove
 At the sweet voice of pardoning love.

218. S. M. WATTS.

The hope of pardoning mercy.

1.

RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Cœlestial grace hath done.

2.

Sing how eternal love
 Its well-beloved chose,
 And bade him raise our sinful race
 From its abyss of woes.

3.

Pardon and peace from heaven
 Jesus proclaims abroad,
 And brings to erring, guilty man
 Sure mercy from his God.

4.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offered peace.

5.

Lord, we obey the call ;
 We lay a humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast sent,
 And love and praise thy name.

219. C. M. JERVIS.

Peace to the returning penitent.

1.

SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
 The words of life and peace ;
 Which bids the penitent rejoice,
 And sin and sorrow cease.

2.

No healing balm on earth like this
 Can cheer the contrite heart,
 No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
 Such pure delight impart.

3.

Thou still art merciful and kind ;
 Thy mercy, Lord, reveal ;
 The broken heart 't is thou canst bind,
 The wounded spirit heal.

4.

Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast ;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

220. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
The blessed influence of religion.

1.

WHEN mild religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm ;

2.

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease ;
Religion's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

3.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

4.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright cœlestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

5.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign !

221. S. M. WATTS.

The pleasures of religion.

1.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banisht from this place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3.

God, our eternal friend,
No present good denies,
And, when our mortal course shall end,
Will call us to the skies.

4.

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5.

The sons of God have found
Glory begun below ;
Cœlestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

6.

Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.

222. C. M. . MRS. STEELE.

The comforts of religion.

1.

WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade ;

2.

Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul ;
And every storm shall cease to rage,
At her divine control.

3.

Through life's bewildered, darksome way
Her hand unerring leads ;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4.

When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid ;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid !

5.

O let my heart confess thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief !

223. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Lord's day morning.

1.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

2.

O what a night was that, which wrapp'd
 The heathen world in gloom !
 O what a sun, which broke this day
 Triumphant from the tomb !

3.

This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

4.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail the welcome morn
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

224. P. M. WATTS.

The pleasure of public worship.[*Psalm 84.*]

1.

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !

To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2.

O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.

3.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our king
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

4.

The Lord his people loves :
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

225. L. M. WATTS.

The pleasure of public worship.

1.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2.

Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3.

Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate :
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

226. S. M. J. TAYLOR.

Christian liberty.[*The Son shall make you free.* John viii.]

1.

YE slaves to time and sense,
Whose minds their bondage see ;
The gospel breaks your servile chain,
And sets the captive free.

2.

Gross darkness shall no more
Enslave the trembling soul ;
Before the cheering rays of truth
Its gloomy vapours roll.

3.

With Aaron's costly rites,
Lo ! David's greater son
The ceremonial law revokes,
And publishes his own.

4.

His hand removed the veil
Which hid the mercy-seat,
And leads the child of penitence
Before his Father's feet.

5.

From soul-debasing vice
He frees the troubled mind ;
And such as bear his gentle yoke
True liberty shall find.

6.

But, oh, triumphant thought !
He calms the fear of death ;
We view the Saviour's bursting tomb,
And meekly yield our breath.

227. L. M. T. SCOTT.

The right of private judgement.

1.

ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering by destructive flame.

2.

Bold arrogance! to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3.

Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve:
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

4.

By proofs divine and reason strong
It draws the willing soul along,
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

5.

O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feast by Jesus held!
Britain, thy blessings know, and prize
The light which liberty supplies.

228. C. M. BUTCHER.

The Christian's inheritance.

1.

WITH transport, Lord, we view the page
Where all thy mercies shine,
And joy to tell the rising age
What boundless grace is thine.

2.

The world with all its shifting schemes,
Time with its fleeting hours,
Life with its gay and flattering dreams,
Its hopes and fears, are ours.

3.

Death also, at our Father's word,
Lays all its terrors by,
Gently divides the "silver cord,"
And calls us to the sky.

4.

Fain would our hearts a tribute bring
Before our Father's throne ;
A tribute worthy of our King,
Whose mercies are unknown.

229. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Piety excited by Christian prospects.

1.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

K

2.

There shall the servants of the Lord
 With never-fading lustre shine ;
 Amazing honour ! vast reward
 Conferr'd on man by love divine.

3.

The shining firmament shall fade,
 And sparkling stars resign their light ;
 But these shall know nor change nor shade,
 For ever fair, for ever bright.

4.

And shall not these cold hearts of ours
 Be kindled at the glorious view ?
 Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
 Our feeble, dying strength renew.

5.

On wings of faith and strong desire
 O may our spirits daily rise,
 And reach at last the shining choir
 In the bright mansions of the skies !

230. C. M. WATTS.

The hope of heaven a support in death.

1.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

2.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

3.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes :

6.

Could we but stand as Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

231. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The promised land.

1.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2.

Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

3.

There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains :
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.

4.

The glorious monarch there displays
 His beams of wondrous grace :
 His happy subjects sing his praise,
 And bow before his face.

5.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above !

6.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high :
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

232. C. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Heaven the everlasting rest of the righteous.

1.

ADORE, my soul, that awful name
 To which the angels bow,
 By which the worlds from nothing came,
 The heaven of heavens, and thou.

2.

The God who sits enthroned above
 Thy breath of life has given :
 His voice, in thunder and in love,
 Calls thee from earth to heaven.

3.

This speck of earth is not thy home,
 Nor mortal joys thine end :
 Beyond the starry-spangled dome
 Thy boundless views extend.

4.

Why fondly pluck the withering flowers
 That only deck thy tomb,
 Whilst amaranthine wreaths and bowers
 For thee immortal bloom ?

5.

Resign thy joys and hopes to God ;
 Cast flesh and sin away ;
 Pursue the path thy Saviour trod,
 And rise to endless day.

233. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal rest.

1.

LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this thy day, in this thy house ;
 And own as grateful sacrifice
 The songs which from thy temple rise.

2.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there's a nobler rest above :
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.

3.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;
 Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 That dwell upon immortal tongues.

4.

No rude alarms of angry foes,
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5.

O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin :
With joy we'll tread the appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

234. L. M. BUTCHER.

The final congregation of the good.

1.

FROM north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest :
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

2.

In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew ;
But, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

3.

Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know :
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits their honest claim.

4.

On earth, according to their light,
They aim'd to practise what was right :
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

5.

See how along the immortal meads
His glorious host the Saviour leads,
And brings the myriads none can count
To seats of joy on Zion's mount!

235. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

The glory of the Christian church.

1.

O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high ;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2.

He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade ;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crown'd.

3.

In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright :

Pursue his praise
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
The glory raise.

4.

There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies ;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres
His influence own.

236. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's power the safety of his church.

1.

YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honours of his name :
Jehovah reigns ! be all our song.
'Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns ;
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
Glad halleluias to prolong.

2.

Ye princes, boast no more your crowns,
But lay the glittering trifles down
In lowly honour at his feet :
A span your narrow empire bounds ;
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.

3.

Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Form'd like your slaves of brittle clay,
Down to the dust your sceptres bend :

To everlasting years he reigns,
 And undiminish'd pomp maintains,
 When kings and suns and time shall end.

4.

So shall his favour'd Zion live ;
 In vain confederate nations strive
 Her sacred turrets to destroy :
 Her Sovereign sits enthroned above,
 And endless power and endless love
 Ensure her safety and her joy.

237. P. M. COWPER.

[*Isaiah* lx. 15—20.]

1.

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :
 “ O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you :
 Themes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

2.

“ There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow :
 Still in undisturb'd possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

3.

“Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But your griefs, for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me:
 God shall rise, and, shining o’er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God, your everlasting light.”

238. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Prayer for the diffusion of the gospel.

1.

GREAT God of grace, arise and shine
 With beams of heavenly light:
 From this dark world of sin dispel
 The long and doleful night.

2.

Let no inferior being share
 The honours due to thee;
 May every nation know thy name,
 And thy salvation see!

3.

No more may persecution dare
 To lift her iron rod;
 No longer shed the blood of saints,
 And plead a zeal for God!

4.

With its own pure and native light,
 Lord, may thy gospel shine!
 May error fly like noxious mists
 Before this light divine!

5.

Whilst heaven-born truth her charms reveals,
May love each breast inspire ;
Nor one base passion ever mix
To quench this sacred fire !

239. L. M. WATTS.

The glory and success of the gospel.

1.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand :
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.

4.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5.

Great sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgements right.

6.

Thy noblest wonders here we view
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiven ;
 Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
 And make thy word our guide to heaven.

240. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

The gospel triumphant.

1.

STILL in shades of midnight darkness
 Abject sits the Pagan world ;
 There the banner of salvation
 Pregnant time hath ne'er unfurl'd ;
 Nor their idols
 From their blood-stain'd altars hurl'd.

2.

Yet the promise stands securely,
 And Messiah's reign shall spread ;
 Not in vain his glorious conquest ;
 Not in vain the Saviour bled.
 Chief immortal !
 God's own hand hath crown'd thy head.

3.

To this blessed dispensation
 Millions yet unborn shall fly ;
 See the rising splendour beaming
 Till it gilds the western sky.
 Glorious gospel !
 Still thy triumphs multiply !

BOOK V.

ON THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

241. P. M. WARRINGTON COLLECTION.

The God and Father of Christ to be praised.

1.

O COME, all ye sons of Adam, and raise
A song unto God ; how lovely his praise !
Adore him who reigns in his glory above,
And fills the wide earth with his tokens of love.

2.

His breath is your life ; your reason, a ray
Effused from his light to guide all your way ;
He heals your diseases, your wants he supplies,
And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.

3.

Dash down your false gods of silver and stone,
Him worship who made earth and heaven
alone ;
His prophet, his son, his salvation receive ;
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and live.

4.

O Father of men ! in mercy command
 Thy gospel to shine on all human land ;
 That, far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,
 Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great name.

242. L. M. BUTCHER.

Public worship.

1.

FATHER of all ! where shall we find
 A temple suited to thy praise ?
 To thee, the uncreated mind,
 What earthly altar shall we raise !

2.

We'll call a multitude around,
 And gladly seek the house of prayer ;
 There thy salvation we have found,
 And still, O God, we'll seek it there.

3.

From breast to breast the holy flame
 Shall kindle round the sacred place ;
 At once we'll hymn our Father's name,
 At once we'll seek our Father's face.

4.

There, heavenly Father, condescend
 To meet us with peculiar love ;
 And when the hymns of earth shall end,
 We'll give thee nobler hymns above.

243. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Acceptable worship.

1.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires ;
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light cœlestial cheers our eyes ;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2.

Who may share this great salvation ?
Every pure and humble mind ;
Every kindred, tongue and nation
From the dross of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws ;
Lord, with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us !
All our hope is from above.

244. C. M. WATTS.

The advantages of early piety.

1.

HAPPY is he whose early years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2.

Our youth devoted to the Lord
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
But sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

4.

It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will sustain our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

245. C. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

[*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.* Eccl. xii. 1.]

1.

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
The summons to the tomb ;

2.

Remember thy creator, God ;
 For him thy powers employ :
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.

3.

He shall defend and guide thy course
 Through life's uncertain sea,
 Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of blest eternity.

4.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
 The path of heavenly truth ;
 The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a religious youth.

246. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The example of Christ.

1.

AND is the gospel peace and love ?
 Such let our conversation be :
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the christian life.

3.

O how benevolent and kind,
 How mild, how ready to forgive ;
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

4.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight :
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love :
Oh, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

247. L. M. HENRY MOORE.

Aspirations after the Christian temper.

1.

SUPREME and universal light !
Fountain of reason, judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below :

2.

Without whose kind directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray ;
From passion still to passion tost,
And in a maze of error lost :

3.

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

4.

May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

5.

O Father, grace and virtue grant ;
No more I wish, no more I want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

248. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian's character and prospects.

1.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our saviour God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

249. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Christian's prospect.

1.

HAPPY the soul whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies ;
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.

2.

In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain ;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear, in vain.

3.

He knows that all these glittering things
Must yield to sure decay,
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they fleet away.

4.

To things unseen by mortal eyes
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view : his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.

5.

His hopes are fixt on joys to come :
Those blissful scenes on high
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

250. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Christian's noblest resolution.

1.

AH! wretched souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win!

2.

May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward!

3.

O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5.

O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

251. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian race.

1.

AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2.

True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint :

3.

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

252. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian race.

1.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :

4.

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5.

My soul, with sacred ardour fired,
The glorious prize pursue ;
And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

253. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The conflict.

1.

AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes,
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a numerous host ;
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2.

Here giant danger threatening stands
 Mustering his pale terrific bands ;
 There pleasure's silken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led.

3.

See where rebellious passions rage,
 And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
 The meanest foe of all the train
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
 Perils and snares beset thee round ;
 Beware of all, guard every part,
 But most, the traitor in thy heart.

5.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield ;
 Put on the armour from above
 Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

6.

The terror and the charm repel,
 And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
 The man of Calvary triumph'd here,
 Why should his faithful followers fear ?

254. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Acting as seeing Him who is invisible.

1.

ETERNAL and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendours none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his lustre's there.

2.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy
In fixt regards, great God, to thee.

3.

Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates wears.

4.

O ever-conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold it presses on to thee,
And longs to catch the heavenly fire.

5.

This one petition would it urge,
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

255. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Secret prayer.

1.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
 Shoots through the darkest night;
 In deep retirement thou art nigh
 With heart-discerning sight.

2.

There shall that piercing eye survey
 My duteous homage paid,
 With every morning's dawning ray
 And every evening shade.

3.

O may thine own celestial fire
 The incense still inflame,
 While my warm vows to thee aspire,
 Through my Redeemer's name!

4.

So shall the visits of thy love
 My soul in secret bless;
 So shalt thou deign in worlds above
 Thy suppliant to confess.

256. L. M. BROWNE.

Imitation of God.

1.

GREAT God! thy peerless excellence
 Let all created natures own:
 Deep on our minds impress the sense
 Of glories which are thine alone.

2.

Let these our admiration raise,
 And fill us with religious awe;
 Tune both our hearts and tongues to praise,
 And bend us to thy holy law.

3.

But where we may resemble thee,
 And in the godlike nature share,
 Thy humble followers let us be,
 And somewhat of thy likeness bear.

4.

Pure may we be, averse to sin,
 Just, holy, merciful, and true!
 And let thine image, form'd within,
 Shine out in all we speak and do.

257. C. M. WATTS.

The way and end of the righteous.

1.

MY God, the steps of pious men
 Are order'd by thy will;
 Though they should fall, they rise again,
 Thy hand supports them still.

2.

The Lord delights to see their ways,
 Their virtues he approves;
 He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
 Nor leave the men he loves.

3.

The heavenly heritage is theirs,
 Their portion and their home;
 He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
 Of blessings long to come.

4.

Mark well the man of righteousness,
 His several steps attend ;
 True pleasure runs through all his ways,
 And peaceful is his end.

258. L. M. Altered from H. MOORE.

The blessings of the righteous.

1.

BLEST are the pious gentle race,
 In whom, with full reflected grace,
 Imprest in many a lovely line,
 The beamings of heaven's beauty shine.

2.

Sweet hope is theirs, of eye serene,
 Mild as some smiling angel's mien ;
 Strong-pinion'd faith that dares the sky,
 And the rapt seraph's glowing joy.

3.

Theirs is content, life's precious balm ;
 Theirs peace ætherial, ever calm :
 The morning bright, the temperate even ;
 Fair dawnings of the day of heaven.

4.

In God the almighty king they view
 Their judge, and tender father too :
 His flaming bolts no terrors bear
 While trusting to his faithful care.

5.

God is their life, their sun, their shield,
 Their thoughts on him sweet comfort yield :
 Through mists that cloud their dying eyes
 They see eternal glories rise.

259. C. M. WATTS.

The blessedness of the just and pure.

1.

BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2.

Blest are the men who keep thy word
And practise thy commands ;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3.

Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4.

Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

260. L. M. WATTS.

The beatitudes.

1.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2.

Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
From heaven the streams of mercy flow,
A healing balm for all their woe.

3.

Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4.

Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

PAUSE.

5.

Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

6.

Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

7.

Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8.

Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

261. S. M. WATTS.

Characters of the righteous and of the wicked.

[*Psalm i.*]

1.

THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Amongst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place ;

2.

But makes the law of God
His study and delight
Amidst the labours of the day
And watches of the night.

3.

He like a tree shall thrive
With waters near the root ;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

4.

Not so the ungodly race,
They no such blessings find ;
Their hopes shall fly like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5.

God knows and he approves
The way the righteous go ;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

262. C. M. MISS WILLIAMS.

Habitual devotion.

1.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd!

2.

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd;
 To thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:
 That mercy I adore.

3.

In each event of life how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.

4.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

5.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
 Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

6.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The lowering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
 That heart will rest on thee.

263. L. M. T. SCOTT.

Devotion vain without virtue.

1.

THE uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee :
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2.

Can rites and forms and flaming zeal
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3.

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.

4.

"Be just and kind:" that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

264. C. M. BROWNE.

The true way to please God.

1.

WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne ;
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

2.

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
 And spicy fumes ascend?
 Will these my earnest wish succeed,
 And make my God my friend?

3.

O no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all;
 Such victims bleed in vain:
 No fatlings from the field or stall
 Such favour can obtain.

4.

To men their rights I must allow,
 And proofs of kindness give;
 To God with humble reverence bow,
 And to his glory live.

5.

Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
 He never will despise;
 And cheerful duty he'll prefer
 To costly sacrifice.

265. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

Imperishable wealth.

1.

SHALL man, to sordid views confined,
 His powers unfold,
 And waste his energy of mind
 In search of gold?
 Rise, rise, my soul, and spurn such low
 desires,
 Nor quench in groveling dust heaven's no-
 blest fires.

2.

For what are all thine anxious cares,
 Thy ceaseless toil?
 For what, when roars the wind, thy fears
 Lest in the broil
 When bursting clouds and furious waves
 contend,
 Thy bark rich-freighted all engulfed descend?

3.

Fraught with disease tomorrow comes
 And bows thy head;
 From treasured heaps and splendid domes
 Thy thoughts recede:
 The dream is o'er: then kiss the chastening
 rod
 That points the road to virtue and to God.

4.

Seek thou, my soul, a nobler wealth
 And more secure:
 Content and peace, the mind's best health,
 And thoughts all pure;
 And deeds benevolent, and prayer and praise,
 And deep submission to heaven's righteous
 ways.

266. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Virtue the source of peace.

1.

FORSAKE, my soul, the tents of sin;
 How false her joys appear!
 Noise and confusion dwell within;
 Peace is a stranger there.

2.

Peace never fix'd her sacred throne
So near the gates of hell ;
She reigns in pious breasts alone,
Where heavenly virtues dwell.

3.

The men who keep the laws of God
His choicest blessings share ;
Or, if he lifts his chastening rod,
'Tis with a father's care.

4.

His mighty power shall guard the just,
His wisdom point their way ;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust,
His hand revive their clay.

5.

Begin, ye saints, the joyful task ;
His praise employ your tongue ;
And soon eternity will ask
A more exalted song.

267. L. M. COTTON.

The support of a good conscience.

1.

WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And seek the joys which hurt the soul ;
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last :

2.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root :
That friend who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

3.

With this companion in the shade
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

4.

Though heaven afflict, I'll not repine ;
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

5.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfills ;
And shall I murmur at my God
When sovereign love directs the rod ?

6.

His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

268. C. M. MERRICK.

Confidence in God.

1.

AUTHOR of good ! to thee I turn ;
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3.

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply ;
The good unask'd let mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

269. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Pious confidence in God.

1.

JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight :
It scatters round a cheerful beam
To gild the darkest night.

2.

What though our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like withering flowers ;
Nor time nor death can break that band
Which makes Jehovah ours.

3.

My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust :
Well may I trust my all with him
With whom my soul I trust.

270. S. M. J. TAYLOR.

Christian trial and confidence.

1.

LIFE is a chequer'd road,
Where mingle thorns and flowers ;
Fair smiles the morn, in beauty drest,
But ah ! the evening lowers.

2.

Smooth ebbs the slumbering wave,
We tempt the briny way ;
But darkening skies and rising winds
Our sinking hearts dismay.

3.

“O ye of little faith,”
Why droop your hearts with fear ?
Though thousand dangers press around,
Your Father’s arm is near.

4.

To try your wavering souls
Temptation spreads its toils ;
But wisdom nor defies its power,
Nor trusts in treacherous smiles.

5.

She puts her armour on,
Her heavenly-temper’d shield,
Her breastplate of cœlestial mould ;
But asks no sword to wield.

6.

Faith is her watchword still,
Her bulwark innocence ;
Salvation on her banner flames,
And heaven’s her recompense.

271. L. M. DRENNAN.

Against despondency and fear.

[*Matt. vi. 28.*]

1.

BEHOLD the lily’s silken vest,
How finely wove in nature’s loom !
No king in ermined splendour drest
Can match its richness or perfume.

2.

Yet void of art or toil it grows,
Looks bright, and lives its transient hour :
Then, man, forget thy earth-born woes ;
The hand that made preserves the flower.

3.

And see, in fields of desert air
The feather'd people wildly roam ;
God makes their little wants his care,
Hears their weak cry, and guards their home.

4.

If thus he clothes the lily race,
That bud and blossom but to die ;
If thus from heaven, his lofty place,
He heeds the humblest things that fly :

5.

Shall faithless man, to fears a prey,
In dark despondence waste his hours ?
Can love's exhaustless source decay ?
Or are we less than birds or flowers ?

272. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

Religious equanimity.

1.

How blest is the soul where content
Its empire with gratitude shares !
The gifts which kind heaven has lent
How much they outnumber her cares !

The sunshine of prosperous days
 No poisonous vapour exhales ;
 With courage the storm she surveys
 When adversity's tempest assails.

2.

She mingles unhurt in the throng,
 In solitude melts into praise ;
 When forests are vocal with song
 She joins the glad chorus they raise :
 Midst palaces, pomp, and rich lands,
 Unenvying their wealth she can rove,
 For the talents heaven puts in her hands
 She is anxious alone to improve.

3.

In youth, the bright morning of life,
 She consecrates all to her God ;
 And in manhood's temptations and strife
 Sweet peace makes her breast its abode ;
 She sees the dark season come on,
 With a temper composed and resign'd ;
 When earthly delights are all flown,
 In heaven her reward she shall find.

273. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian resignation in adversity.

1.

MY God, the covenant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure,
 And in its matchless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.

2.

Since thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become ;
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home :

3.

I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4.

Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

274. C. M. WATTS.

Pious resignation.

1.

WITH humble reverence we adore
The wise, the righteous God :
Our souls in meek submission bow
Beneath his chastening rod.

2.

'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
-Or sinks them to the grave :
He gives ; and, blessed be his name !
He takes but what he gave.

3.

Peace, all our restless passions, then !
Let each impatient sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

4.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread ;
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

275. C. M. COWPER.

Submission to Divine Providence.

1.

O LORD, my best desires fulfill,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

2.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ;
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?

3.

No : rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold, from me.

4.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
 Shall I resist them both ?
 Short-sighted creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth !

5.

But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils the skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

276. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Submission to the will of God.

[*Matt. xxvi. 42.*]

1.

"FATHER divine!" the Saviour cried,
While horrors press'd on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2.

"But if these pangs must still be borne,
"Or helpless man be left forlorn,
"I bow my soul before thy throne,
"And say, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

3.

Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, Thy will, not ours, be done!

277. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

Obedience enforced by the example of Christ.

1.

"NOT as I will," the Saviour said,
And bow'd his agonizing head:
Bade nature's bleeding throbs be still,
Obedient to his Father's will.

2.

O great example! stronger far
Than precept drawn with soundest care:
Its power shall bend the rebel mind,
And make the proudest soul resign'd.

3.

Here let the pious contemplate,
With reverence deep and thought sedate ;
And e'en when sorrowing in the dust,
Be faith their light, and heaven their trust !

4.

Religion asks no sacrifice
But such as reason justifies ;
And oft where trouble meets our eyes,
'Tis mercy's angel in disguise.

5.

Trust ye the Lord : how sweet to trace
E'en here the counsels of his grace !
Obedience trains us for the skies,
And God accepts the sacrifice.

278. C. M. WATTS.

Religious reverence and obedience.

1.

WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face ;
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinners' way !

2.

Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3.

O that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind !
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

4.

To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
 Thy word is all my joy.

5.

My God, I long and hope and wait
 For thy salvation still ;
 Whilst thy whole law is my delight,
 And I obey thy will.

279. L. M. ENFIELD.

Humility.

1.

WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect on a day,
 O why should mortal man be proud ?

2.

His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found ;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear
 A breath may level with the ground.

3.

By doubt perplext, in error lost,
 With trembling step he seeks his way :
 How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast !
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !

4.

Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
 Are crowded in life's little span :
 How ill, alas, does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man !

5.

God of my life, Father divine,
Give me a meek and lowly mind ;
In modest worth O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find !

280. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Devout aspirations.

1.

GOD, our kind master, merciful as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust ;
His ear is open to the softest cry ;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.

2.

He reads the language of the silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere :
He marks the dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

3.

O set me from all earthly bondage free ;
Still every wish that centres not in thee :
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets, cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

281. L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer for divine wisdom.

1.

TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, thy way,
That to my life's remotest day,
By thine unerring precepts led,
My willing feet thy paths may tread.

2.

Inform'd by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And, with cœlestial wisdom fill'd,
To thee entire obedience yield.

3.

O turn from vanity mine eye ;
My soul with holy strength supply ;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

4.

Long as within this house of clay
Supported by thy power I stay,
Thy mercy let thy servant see ;
Grant me to live conform'd to thee.

5.

That mercy, Lord, whose beams extend
Far as the world's remotest end,
That mercy to my soul impart ;
Engrave thy precepts on my heart.

282. L. M. HENRY MOORE.

Heavenly guidance.

1.

AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, of toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat ;

2.

Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3.

Teach me the flattering paths to shun
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4.

May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside!
But through this maze of mortal ill
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

283. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Inconstancy in religion lamented.

1.

PERPETUAL source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name:
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

2.

On us, all-worthless as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours,
Sure as the heaven's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3.

Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
False as the morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4.

In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.

M

5.

Arm'd with this energy divine
 Our souls shall steadfast move,
 And with increasing ardour press
 On to thy courts above.

6.

So by thy power the morning sun
 Pursues his radiant way,
 Brightens each moment in his race,
 And shines to perfect day.

284. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

A penitential hymn.

1.

GOD of mercy, God of love,
 Hear our sad repentant song;
 Sorrow dwells on every face,
 Penitence on every tongue.

2.

Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent.

3.

Foolish fears and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain:

4.

These, and every secret fault,
 Fill'd with grief and shame we own;
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5.

God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs !

285. L. M. WATTS.

The happiness of the penitent.

1.

BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose numerous sins are cover'd o'er,
The humble soul, to whom the Lord
Imputes his guilty deeds no more.

2.

He mourns his sinful follies past,
And keeps his heart with constant care ;
His lips and life, without deceit,
Shall prove his penitence sincere.

3.

The man who hides his conscious guilt
Shall pine beneath a secret wound ;
But he who owns and leaves his faults
With peace and pardon shall be crown'd.

4.

The Lord hath built a throne of grace,
Free to dispense his mercies there,
That sinners may approach his face,
And hope and love as well as fear.

286. L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer for pardoning mercy.

1.

O TURN, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sins thy searching eyes ;
Nor let the offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2.

Lord, let thy clemency divine
Conspicuous in my pardon shine ;
O let the fullness of thy grace
Each error of my life efface !

3.

Give me a will to thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd ;
Nor let me, lost in hopeless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

4.

The heart that, taught its guilt to know,
Repentant heaves with inward woe,
Shall find its humble prayers and sighs
To thee in full acceptance rise.

287. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Christian charity.

1.

BEHOLD where breathing love divine
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well :

3.

" Blest is the man, whose softening heart
" Feels all another's pain ;
" To whom the supplicating eye
" Was never raised in vain :

4.

" Whose breast expands with generous
" warmth
" A stranger's woes to feel,
" And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
" He wants the power to heal.

5.

" He spreads his kind supporting arms
" To every child of grief ;
" His secret bounty largely flows,
" And brings unask'd relief.

6.

" To gentle offices of love
" His feet are never slow ;
" He views through mercy's melting eye
" A brother in a foe.

7.

" Peace from the bosom of his God,
" My peace to him I give ;
" And when he kneels before the throne
" His trembling soul shall live.

8.

"To him protection shall be shown;
 "And mercy from above:
 "Descend on those who thus fulfill
 "The perfect law of love."

288. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Prayer for kind affections.

1.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
 All-powerful from above
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.

2.

O may our sympathizing breasts
 The generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe!

3.

Where'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid!

4.

Under the gentle sway of love
 Be every passion brought;
 O be the law of love fulfill'd
 In every act and thought!

289. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Kind affections an acceptable offering.

1.

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face
Flows thy goodness unconfined :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love
Claiming large returns again.

2.

Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :

3.

Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store :
Teach us, O thou heavenly King !
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

290. L. M. WATTS.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

1.

THRICE happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2.

Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined ;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3.

When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

4.

His soul, well fixt upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word ;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise
To bless his heart and cheer his eyes.

291. P. M. WATTS.

The happiness of the liberal man.

1.

THE man is blest who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;
Honour and peace his days attend :
He hath dispersed his alms abroad ;
His works are still before his God ;
His name shall through long years descend.

2.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
 His glory's future harvest sow'd :
 The sweet remembrance of the just,
 Like a green root, revives, and bears
 A train of blessings for his heirs
 When dying nature sleeps in dust.

3.

Beset with threatening dangers round,
 Unmoved shall he maintain his ground ;
 His conscience holds his courage up :
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
 Shines brightest in affliction's night,
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.

292. S. M. BEDDOME.

Christian unity.

1.

LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

2.

Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

3.

Envy and strife be gone ;
 And only kindness known
 Where all one common Father have,
 One common Master own.

4.

Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
 And every heart is love.

293. L. M. BROWN.

Brotherly love.

1.

O GOD, my saviour and my king,
 Of all I have or hope the spring,
 Send down thy spirit from above,
 And warm my heart with holy love.

2.

With pity let my breast o'erflow
 When I behold a wretch in woe,
 And bear a sympathizing part
 With all who are of heavy heart.

3.

And when another's prosperous state
 Shall joy within himself create,
 Let me too in his triumph join,
 And count his peace and pleasure mine.

4.

Yea, should my neighbour spiteful prove,
 Still let me vanquish spite with love ;
 Slow to resent, though he would grieve,
 But always ready to forgive.

5.

Let love in all my conduct shine,
 An image fair, though faint, of thine :
 Let me thy humble follower prove,
 Father of men, great God of love !

294. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Pious friendship.

1.

How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one !

2.

To each the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

3.

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4.

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face :
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

295. S. M. WATTS.

Piety the source of domestic peace.

1.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2.

Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet:

3.

When love from Christ the spring
Descends to every soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.

4.

Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

296. P. M. COTTON.

Contentment.

1.

IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our ourselves our joys must flow,
And peace begins at home.

2.

We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind providence hath sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power;
 And, if our store of wealth be small,
 With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

3.

We'll be resign'd when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are denied,
 And pleased with favours given:
 This is the wise, the virtuous part;
 This is that incense of the heart
 Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

4.

Thus crown'd with peace thro' life we'll go,
 Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead:

5.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

297. L. M. T. SCOTT.

Meekness.

1.

MARK, when tempestuous winds arise,
The wild confusion and uproar,
All ocean mixing with the skies,
And wrecks are dash'd upon the shore.

2.

Not less confusion racks the mind
By its own fierce ideas tost;
Calm reason is to rage resign'd,
And in the whirl of passion lost.

3.

Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth coelestial day.

4.

No friendships broke their bosoms sting,
No jars their peaceful tent invade;
Safe underneath almighty wing,
And, foes to none, of none afraid.

5.

Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
With thy whole self our souls possess;
Passion and pride be hence exiled,
Then shall our frame thine own express.

298. L. M.

Justice.

1.

THE Lord is just: he made the chain
Which binds together guilt and pain.
The Lord is just: he loves to shed
His blessings where the virtues tread.

2.

Happy the man who dares be just,
Refusing to betray his trust,
Though interest tempt him to the deed,
Though the seducing passions plead.

3.

Happy the man who dares be just,
Steadfast, when duty says "Thou must,"
Against the tyrant's marking frown,
Or the fond crowd impetuous grown.

4.

Him would the storm-vest ocean's weight,
Or lightning barb'd with instant fate,
Or the last earthquake's awful shock,
Unfearing smite:—God is his rock.

299. L. M. SIR H. WOTTON.

A happy life.

1.

How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill:

2.

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death;
 Untied to this vain world by care
 Of public fame or private breath:

3.

Who envies none that change doth raise;
 Nor vice hath ever understood;
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

4.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great:

5.

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 To crave for less, and more obey,
 Nor dare with heaven's decree contend:

6.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

300. L. M. T. SCOTT.
Candour.

1.

ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
 To judge, by principles within,
 When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2.

Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call,
For modes of faith judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

3.

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly seek, and use our own.

4.

If wrong, forgive; approve, if right;
While faithful we obey our light,
And, censuring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.

5.

When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashion'd in thy mould,
And charity our lineage prove
Derived from thee, O God of love?

301. S. M. T. SCOTT.

The right and duty of private judgement.

1.

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads a curious eye:
Thy doctrines, Lord, the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2.

Lord, to thy word we bring
A meek inquiring mind,
And joyful at salvation's spring
Refreshing truth we find.

3.

With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4.

O Lord, our spirit lead,
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5.

The truth once learnt impress
With savour on our heart;
And help us firmly to profess
'Gainst all seducing art.

BOOK VI.

ON LIFE AND DEATH, TIME AND ETERNITY.

302. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

1.

GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time its being draw ;
Moments and days and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2.

Silent and slow they glide away :
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3.

The thoughtless tribes of mortal men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to that everlasting home
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4.

Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flattering show,
We gaze in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5.

Great source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

303. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The flight of time a motive to diligence and
piety.*

1.

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2.

Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light ;
And know its Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3.

His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling vigorous youth
The remnant of its days.

4.

On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.

5.

Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

6.

Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

304. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The shortness and uncertainty of life
improved.*

1.

TOMORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2.

The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live today !

3.

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4.

One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5.

To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night !

305. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The importance of living for eternity.

1.

THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2.

Another day more awful dawns,
And lo, the Judge appears !
Ye heavens, retire before his face !
And sink, ye darken'd stars !

3.

Yet does one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain :
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

4.

With me my brethren soon must die,
And at that bar appear ;
Now be our intercourse improved
To mutual comfort here.

5.

For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng,
The Saviour's board surround ;
Here may our service be approved,
And in thy presence crown'd !

306. L. M. WATTS.

The day of mercy and hope.

1.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.

2.

Life is the hour that God hath given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3.

The living know that they must die :
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

4.

Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

307. C. M. WATTS.

The frailty and importance of human life.

1.

THEE we adore, eternal name !
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !

2.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath which first it gave ;
Where'er we are, whate'er we do,
We're travelling to the grave.

4.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5.

Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things ;
The eternal state of all mankind
Upon life's feeble strings !

6.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God !

308. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The near approach to salvation a motive to
diligence.*

1.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2.

On all the wings of time it flies;
 Each moment brings it near:
 Then welcome each declining day!
 Welcome each closing year!

3.

Not many years their rounds shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
 To our admiring eyes.

4.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
 Ye mortal powers, decay:
 Fast as ye bring the night of death
 Ye bring eternal day.

309. C. M. WATT'S.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

1.

TIME, what an empty vapour 'tis!
 And days, how swift they are!
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.

2.

Our life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh:
 The moment when our lives begin,
 We all begin to die.

3.

Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favours share;
 Yet with the bounties of thy grace
 Thou crown'st the rolling year.

4.

Thy goodness runs an endless round ;
 All glory to the Lord !
 Thy mercy never knows a bound,
 And be thy name adored !

5.

Thus we begin the lasting song ;
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let the next age thy praise prolong
 Till time with nature dies.

310. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise to God through life and in death.

1.

GOD of my life, through all its days
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise :
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And cheer the dark and silent night.

2.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises raised on high
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all its powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4.

But O ! when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chain'd to earth no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise
 To join the music of the skies !

5.

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

6.

The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul can live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

311. C. M. WATTS.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame !
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2.

How short the span that we can boast
In the long line of time !
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3.

See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4.

What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

5.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

312. C. M. WATTS.

Man frail, and God eternal.

1.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

2.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light :
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

6.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

313. C. M. WATTS.

Man frail, God all-powerful.

1.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2.

FRESH as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be wrong :
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4.

But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first :
All glory to the almighty name,
That rear'd us from the dust !

5.

While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

314. S. M. T. SCOTT.

The changes of life appointed by God.

1.

As various as the moon
Is man's estate below ;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.

2.

The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief ;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.

3.

Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given :
His dark and shining hours advance
By the fixt laws of heaven.

4.

God measures out to all
Their lot of good and ill ;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordain'd by wisest will.

5.

Let man conform his mind
To every changing state ;
Rejoicing now, and now resign'd,
And the great issue wait.

6.

Hopeful and humble bear
Thine evil and thy good :
Nor by presumption, nor despair,
Weak mortal, be subdued.

315. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

The changes of life lead to immortality.

1.

MARK, my soul, life's shifting scene,
Where nothing long endures ;
Stormy now, and now serene,
No skill from change secures :
Now the clouds that veil the sun
Dark and terrible appear ;
Yet ere this day's race be run
His brightest rays shall cheer.

2.

Vainly then the proud shall boast
How firm his mountain stands ;
While the weak and tempest-tost
In peaceful harbour lands :
Providence may blow the gale,
Or to waft or overwhelm ;
Yet let virtue spread the sail,
And truth command the helm.

3.

Life, how short the voyage is !
But how important too !
Havens of eternal bliss
Still opening to our view :
Where the heart is right with God,
We shall never want his grace ;
Earth is but our short abode,
And heaven our resting-place.

316. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Earthly and heavenly treasures compared.

1.

THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade !
How swift they pass away !
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2.

Soon are those earthly treasures lost
We fondly call our own ;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.

3.

But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4.

The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

317. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Comfort in sickness and death.

1.

WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies ;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2.

Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal sceptre shows,
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

3.

The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust ;
Nature shall faint : but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.

4.

The man whose pious heart is fixt
On his all-gracious God,
From every frown may draw a joy,
And kiss the chastening rod.

5.

Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On heaven his soul relies ;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

318. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our everlasting light.

[Isaiah lx. 20.]

1.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light !
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night !

2.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

6.

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

319. C. M. MRS. STEELE.
Hope in the death of friends.

1.

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

2.

But down to earth, alas ! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes :
Ah ! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.

3.

Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray,
And guides us from the darksome tomb
To realms of endless day.

4.

To those bright courts when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow ;
Hope views our absent happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.

5.

Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies ;
But future happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

320. C. M. WATTS.

[*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.*
Rev. xiv. 3.]

1.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead :
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2.

They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

321. L. M.

A funeral hymn.

1.

WELL sleeps the good, who sinks to rest
By each poor neighbour's wishes blest ;
For God shall mark the hallowed clay
That wraps his mould till judgement-day.

2.

When the last trumpet rends the skies,
And the life-giver shouts "Arise !"
O'er him shall stir the heaving earth,
While angels watch his second birth.

3.

His form ascends array'd in light,
Where seraphs harbinger his flight ;
Their greenest palms of triumph strow,
And deck with golden crown his brow.

4.

To Jesus the deliverer dear,
His everlasting home is near,
Where pain and toil and trouble cease,
The mansion of delightful peace.

322. C. M. WATTS.

A funeral hymn.

1.

HARK, from the tombs a doleful sound !

My ears, attend the cry :

Ye living men, come view the ground

Where ye must shortly lie.

2.

Princes, this clay must be your bed,

In spite of all your towers ;

The tall, the wise, the reverend head

Must lie as low as ours.

3.

Great God ! is this our certain doom ?

And are we still secure !

Still walking downward to our tomb,

And yet prepare no more ?

4.

Grant us the powers of quickening grace,

To fit our souls to fly :

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,

We'll rise above the sky.

323. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The death of a young person.

1.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;

How soon the vapour flies !

Man is a tender transient flower

That even in blooming dies.

2.

The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs :
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And wither'd all her joys.

3.

But wait the interposing gloom,
 And, lo, stern winter flies ;
 And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flowery tribes arise.

4.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.

5.

Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears ;
 Religion points on high :
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys which cannot die.

324. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Emblems of man's resurrection.

1.

ALL nature dies, and lives again :
 The flower that paints the field,
 The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
 Divine instruction yield.

2.

Stript are the honours of their form
 By winter's stormy blast,
 They leave the naked leafless plain
 A desolated waste.

3.

Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4.

So, to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

5.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length
And mingle with the blest !

6.

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

325. C. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Changes of nature types of a future state.

1.

As twilight's gradual veil is spread
Across the evening sky ;
So man's bright hours decline in shade,
And mortal comforts die.

2.

Fair summer's bloom and autumn's glow
In vain pale winter brave ;
Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom, know
A ransom from the grave.

3.

But morning dawns, and spring revives,
And genial hours return :
So man's immortal soul survives,
And scorns the mouldering urn.

4.

When this vain scene no longer charms,
Or swiftly fades away ;
He sinks into a Father's arms,
Nor dreads the coming day.

5.

That day shall God's own promise bring
To those who trust his word ;
While saints in endless triumph sing
The honours of their Lord.

326. L. M. WATTS.

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

1.

WHEN God is nigh my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2.

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3.

My flesh shall the glad call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4.

There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

327. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian's hope in a future state.

[Psalm xvii.]

1.

WHAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2.

This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

3.

O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

5.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

328. C. M. WATTS.

The last judgement.

1.

THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh ;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2.

No more shall bold blasphemers say
"Judgement will ne'er begin :"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3.

Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames preparèd his way :
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4.

Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

329. L. M. ENFIELD'S COLLECTION.

The final judgement of the world.

1.

THE heart dejected sighs to know
Why vice triumphant reigns below ;
Why saints have fall'n in every age
The victims of tyrannic rage.

2.

Fast roll successive years away ;
Fast hastens the important day,
When, to the astonisht world's surprise,
God's high tribunal shall arise.

3.

Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's piercing sound ;
The rising dead assemble round ;
In long procession see they come,
Each to receive his final doom.

4.

Lo, there, a vile degenerate race ;
Pale terror sits on every face :
Here, on the right, a joyful band,
The sons of suffering virtue stand.

5.

The sentence past, lo, these arise
To bliss and glory in the skies ;
While those, who once stood high in fame,
Sink down to long contempt and shame.

6.

Thus shall God's providence appear
Without a shade divinely fair ;
And blushing doubt with joy confess,
The Lord's a God of righteousness.

330. P. M.

The last judgement.

GREAT **G**od ! what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before !
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

331. C. M. BUTCHER.

[*Sun ! stand thou still. Josh. x. 12.*]

1.

“**S**TAND still, refulgent orb of day !”
 A Jewish hero cries :
 So shall at last an angel say,
 And tear it from the skies.

2.

A flame intenser than the sun
 Shall melt his golden urn ;
 Time's empty glass no more shall run,
 Nor human years return.

3.

Then, with immortal splendour bright,
 That glorious orb shall rise,
 When through eternity shall light
 The new-created skies.

4.

On the bright ranks of happy souls
Those blissful beams shall shine ;
While the loud song of triumph rolls,
In harmony divine.

5.

O let not sordid base desire,
The soul's dark rayless night,
Unfit us for heaven's sacred choir,
Or God's eternal light !

BOOK VII.

HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

332. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.
Christmas hymn.*

1.

EXULTING, rejoicing, hail the happy morn-
ing,
The morn of the day when our Christ was
born!
Angels of mercy, who his birth attended,
O bear our loud hosannas through the sky!
O bear &c.

2.

Salvation proclaiming to the guilty nations,
He comes in the glory and power of God:
Angels of mercy, who his steps attended,
O bear our loud hosannas through the sky!
O bear &c.

3.

Devoted, submissive, on the cross expiring,
He bows to the will of his father, God:
Angels of pity, who his death attended,
O bear our loud hosannas through the sky!
O bear &c.

* Adapted to the tune of the Portuguese hymn "Adeste, fideles."

4.

All-conquering, triumphant, from the tomb
arising,

He opens the gates of immortal bliss :
Angels of glory, bear him on your pinions,
And shout your loud hosannas through the
sky !

And shout &c.

333. L. M.

Easter hymn.*

1.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high :
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt their solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
“ Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

3.

Unloose your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the æthereal scene :
He bursts the bands of death and night,
And heaven receives the conqueror in.

4.

Whom did the lord of life subdue ?
The tyrant death his arm o'ercame,
The world and hell his power o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

* Altered from a popular hymn.

5.

Who is the king of glory? who?—
 The Christ with God's own power possess;
 And made our king and saviour too,
 Thanks be to God, for ever blest!

334. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

For New Year's Day.

1.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year;
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds,
 How short the months appear!

2.

So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life has done
 God's judgement shall survey.

3.

Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift advancing year,
 And study artful ways to increase
 The speed of its career.

4.

Waken, O God, my trifling heart
 Its great concern to see;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.

5.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise,
 Or this shall bear my smiling soul
 To joy that never dies.

335. P. M. NEWTON.

For New Year's Day.

1.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Finish'd is probation's day,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer stay,
 But how little none can know.

2.

As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

3.

Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with our Father's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above !

336. C. M. BIRMINGHAM NEW
COLLECTION.

For the Lord's Supper.

1.

YE followers of the Prince of Peace
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2.

The love which all his bosom fill'd
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.

3.

Let each his sacred law fulfill ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper form'd by love,
And every action kind.

4.

Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honour'd name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

337. L. M.

For the Lord's Supper.

1.

THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks, his last request ;
Ye who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in memory of your friend.

2.

Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind :

3.

And shall not he your praises reap
Who rescues from the iron sleep;
The great deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives e'en of death?

4.

Shall he who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthank'd, uncelebrated rise,
Pass unremember'd to the skies?

5.

Christians, unite with loud acclaim
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name;
On earth extol his wondrous love;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

338. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

For the Lord's Supper.

1.

To God most high, the sovereign Lord,
Great name, by heaven and earth adored,
Our grateful hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2.

And while around this board we meet
To worship at thy glorious feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

O 2

3.

Yes, Lord, we love and we adore ;
 O may we know and love thee more ;
 And thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart !

339. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

For the Lord's Supper.

1.

JESUS, the friend of man,
 Invites us to his board ;
 The welcome summons we obey,
 And own our gracious Lord.

2.

Here we survey that love
 Which spoke in every breath,
 Which crown'd each action of his life,
 And triumph'd in his death.

3.

Here let our powers unite
 His honour'd name to raise ;
 Pleasure and joy fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

4.

And while we share the gifts
 His bounteous hands bestow,
 Let every heart, in friendship join'd,
 With kind affections glow.

5.

Let love inspire each breast,
 And dictate every thought ;
 Be angry passions far removed,
 And selfish views forgot.

6.

Our souls, expanded wide
 By our Redeemer's grace,
 Shall in the arms of fervent love
 All heaven and earth embrace.

340. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Domestic worship.

1.

FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace;
 From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
 Their root and branches are sustain'd.

2.

To God, most worthy to be praised,
 Be our domestic altars raised;
 Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.

3.

To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows;
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4.

O may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name,
 While pleased and thankful we remove
 To join the family above!

341. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Charity.

1.

O YE who seek Jehovah's face,
Bow at his throne, and feel his grace,
Who ask in prayer and own in praise
That bounteous love which gilds your days,
Catch from above the hallow'd flame,
And dignify the Christian name.

2.

Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there;
With cheering wine and fragrant oil
Bid languor glow and anguish smile:
Though woe her lowliest form may wear,
Yet God hath stamp't his image there.

3.

When He, the sovereign Judge, draws nigh,
And holds the unerring beam on high,
Then shall sweet charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale;
Jesus shall call his followers home,
"Ye blessed of my Father, come!"

Halleluia, Amen!

342. C. M. WATTS.

National hymn.

1.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2.

Amidst our isle exalted high
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround thy favour'd land.

3.

When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

5.

He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
Who sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made
In justice and in love.

343. P. M. KIPPIS.

National thanksgiving.

1.

How rich thy gifts, almighty King !
From thee our various comforts spring :
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The blessings liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2.

Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
 That pours from every foreign shore ;
 Science and art their charms display ;
 Religion teaches us to raise
 Our voices to our Maker's praise,
 As truth and conscience point the way.

3.

With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
 To God we raise united songs,
 His power and mercy we proclaim :
 Britons through every age shall own
 Jehovah here has fix'd his throne,
 And triumph in his mighty name !

4.

Long as the moon her course shall run,
 Or man behold the circling sun,
 O still may God in Britain reign !
 Crown her just counsels with success,
 With peace and joy her borders bless,
 And all her sacred rights maintain !

344. L. M. AIKIN.

In time of war.

1.

WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
 And death and ruin strew the ground,
 To thee we look, on thee we call,
 The parent and the Lord of all !

2.

Thou, who hast stamp't on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race,

3.

O see with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage ;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood !

4.

See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth ;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

5.

Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace !

6.

With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
" My creatures, live in mutual love !"

345. P. M. BRISTOL COLLECTION.

On peace.

1.

PEACE ! the welcome sound proclaim,
Dwell with rapture on the theme ;
Loud, still louder swell the strain :
Peace on earth ! good-will to men.

2.

Breezes ! whispering soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Now when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

3.

Ocean's billows ! far and wide
Rolling in majestic pride,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth ! good-will to men.

4.

Vocal songsters of the grove !
Sweetly chaunt in notes of love,
Now when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

5.

Mortals ! who these blessings feel,
Christians who before him kneel,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth ! good-will to men.

346. P. M.

Prayer for peace.

1.

FATHER of peace, O turn once more
Thy looks of love along our shore ;
Behold a people's moans !
To thee, the merciful, belong
Glad incense and the grateful song,
Not agonizing groans.

2.

Lest foreign hands should reap the soil,
 The husbandman forbears his toil,
 Lean famine hovers nigh :
 Like the ripe ears which flame invades,
 Our men are hurried to the shades,
 Whole towns in ruin lie.

3.

The blossoms of our youth are shed
 Afar upon the unblest bed
 Which pain and want prepare :
 Aloud the gray-hair'd mothers sigh,
 And in thy temples lift their cry,
 " Our sons, Jehovah, spare !"

347. L. M. WATTS.

A morning hymn.

1.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies ;

2.

From the fair chambers of the east
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And without weariness or rest
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3.

O, like the sun, may I fulfill
 The appointed duties of the day ;
 With ready mind and active will
 March on and keep my heavenly way !

4.

But I shall rove, and lose the race,
 If God, my sun, should disappear,
 And leave me in this world's wide maze,
 To follow every wandering star.

5.

Lord, thy commands are clear and pure,
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
 Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss:
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold, compared to this.

348. P. M. WESLEY.

Close of the service.

1.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
 Let us, each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.

2.

Thanks we give and adoration
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound!

3.

Life, we feel, is our probation;
 But thy light illumines the way,
 Shows the flattering veil'd temptation,
 And conducts to perfect day.

349. C. M. REES'S COLLECTION.

Close of the evening service.

1.

SOON will our fleeting hours be past,
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.

2.

May he from whom all blessings flow
Our sacred rites attend,
Unite our hands in wisdom's ways
Till life's short journey end :

3.

And as our rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still approve ;
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love !

350. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God every where present with his people.

[2 Cor. xiii. 11.]

1.

THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2.

While near each other we remain
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3.

To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet :
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4.

Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

351. c. m.

Doxology.

1.

THOU art the First and thou the Last ;
Time centres all in Thee,
The almighty God, who was and is,
And evermore shall be.

2.

To Thee let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

S U P P L E M E N T

TO

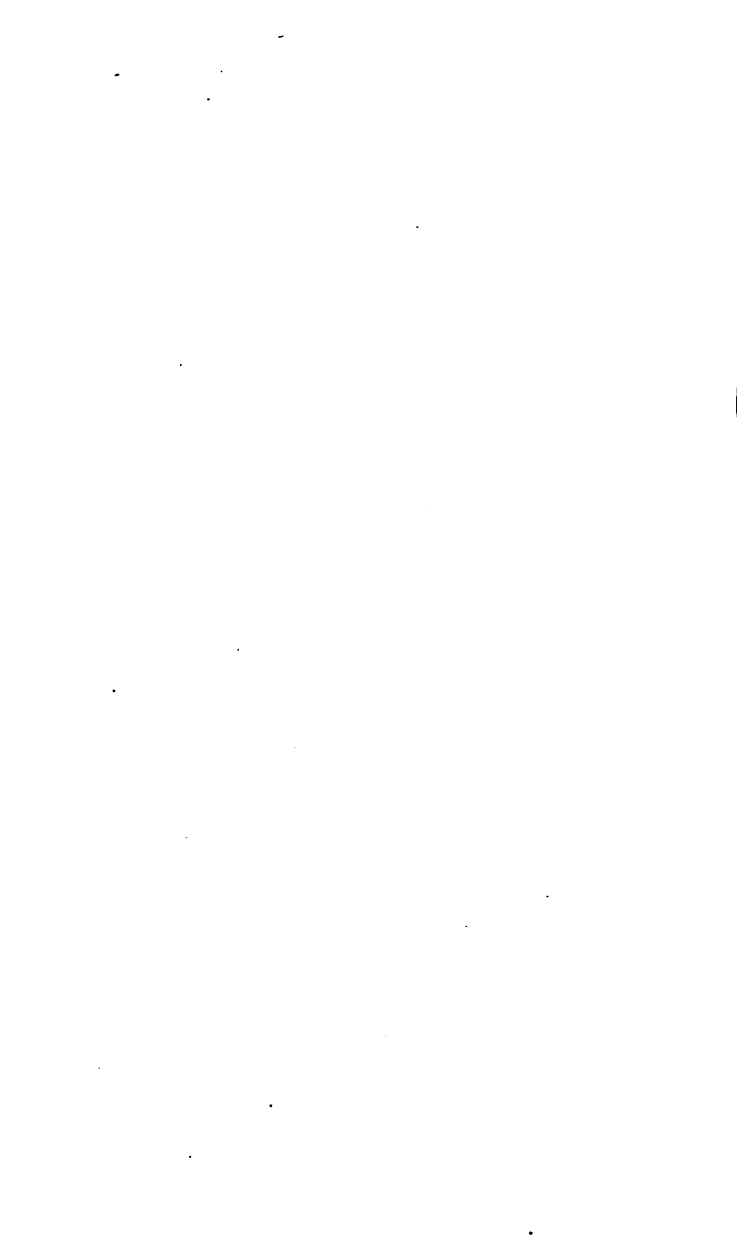
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FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.



S U P P L E M E N T
TO BOOK II.

GENERAL HYMNS OF PRAISE AND
THANKSGIVING.

352. C. M. MERRICK.

[*Psalm* xlvii.]

1.

ARISE, ye people, clap the hand,
Exulting strike the chord :
Let every isle and every land
Confess the almighty Lord.

2.

Hear, while the shouts wide-echoing round
The eternal God proclaim,
The answering trump thro' heaven resound,
And shake its vaulted frame.

3.

Sing to our God in loudest strain,
Perpetual praises sing :
O'er earth's wide bounds extends his reign :
O praise our God and King.

353. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The universe called upon to praise God.

1.

FALL down, ye nations, and adore
Jehovah on the mercy-seat :
Like prostrate seas on every shore
That cast their billows at your feet.

2.

Come from the east ;—with gifts, ye kings,
Gold, silver, frankincense and myrrh ;
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.

3.

Come from the west ;—the bond, the free,
His easy service make your choice ;
Ye isles that stud the stormy sea
Like halcyon nests, in him rejoice.

4.

Come from the south ;—thro' desert sands
A highway for our God prepare :
Let Ethiopia spread her hands,
And Libya pour her soul in prayer.

5.

Come from the north ;—let Europe raise,
In all her languages, one song :
Give God the glory, power and praise
That to his holy name belong.

6.

Let halleluias to the skies,
With ocean's everlasting sound,
(The voice of many waters) rise,
Day without night, as time goes round.

354. L. M. WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

Universal praise.

1.

CÆLESTIAL worlds, your Maker's name
 Resound through every shining coast;
 Our God a nobler praise will claim,
 Where he unfolds his glories most.

2.

Stupendous globe of flaming day,
 Praise him in thy sublime career;
 He struck from night thy peerless ray,
 Gave thee thy path and guides thee there.

3.

Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given
 Night's sable horrors to illume;
 Praise him who hung you high in heaven
 With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

4.

Lightnings, that round the Eternal play,
 Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd,
 The grandeur of your God convey
 Blazing or bursting on the world.

5.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 Be the almighty God adored;
 He made the nations by his power,
 And rules them with his sovereign word.

6.

At once let nature's ample round
 To God the vast thanksgiving raise;
 His high perfection knows no bound,
 But fills the immensity of space.

355. P. M. BISHOP MANT.

[*Psalm cxlviii.*]

1.

YE works of God, your Maker praise :
From heaven begin the choral lays,
And praise him, ye on high who dwell :
Ye angels, who about him stand ;
Ye hosts, who wait on his command ;
The praises of your Sovereign tell.

2.

Praise him, thou golden-tressed sun,
Praise him, thou fair and silver moon,
And ye, bright orbs of streaming light :
Ye floods that float above the skies :
Ye heavens, that vault o'er vault arise :
Praise him who sits above all height.

3.

His praise, ye mountains huge, resound :
Ye hills, ye trees with fruitage crown'd :
Ye cedars wave your summits high.
Praise him, ye beasts that roam the wood,
And ye that graze the fields for food,
And ye that creep, and ye that fly.

4.

His praise beyond all praise extends,
His name creation's bounds transcends :
His people he with strength shall grace :
His people chief his praise shall tell,
Jehovah's saints, his Israel,
His chosen flock, his faithful race.

356. P. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

Universal praise.

[*Psalm cl.*]

1.

PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
 Praise him, angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
 Praise him, all ye stars of light:
 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
 Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
 Laws which never can be broken
 For their guidance he hath made.

2.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
 Never shall his promise fail;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail:
 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name!

357. P. M. BISHOP MANT.

[*Psalm xcv.*]

1.

COME, let us sing Jehovah's praise;
 To him the pealing chorus raise
 With trump, and harp, and cymbal's ring:
 The rock on whom our hopes are placed:
 With joy before his presence haste,
 And loud the measured anthem sing.

2.

Jehovah is the mighty God :
All gods confess his sovereign nod :
Earth's inmost depths perceive his hand,
His hand the mountains vast and rude :
To him belongs the ocean-flood,
And all the firm compacted land.

3.

Come then, Jehovah's dwelling tread,
And bend the knee, and bow the head,
And worship him, our Maker, there :
For he is God, in whom we move,
And we the people of his love,
The sheep of his paternal care.

358. L. M. MERRICK.

[*Psalm* xcv.]

1.

O COME, and to the eternal King
New songs of triumph let us sing :
With holy transport him alone
The strength of our salvation own.

2.

Extended wide beyond all bound,
Beyond all height, his power is found,
Nor lord with him, nor god beside
The honours of his throne divide.

3.

Earth's stores, throughout its inmost frame,
He, great proprietor, shall claim ;
Your range, ye cloud-encircled hills,
His power commands, his presence fills.

4.

Let every people, every tribe
 Power, glory, strength, to him ascribe :
 Let earth's remotest regions join
 In homage to the name divine.

359. L. M. MERRICK.

Praise to the Creator.

1.

THY power, great God, heaven's lofty seat
 With awful wonder shall repeat ;
 Assembled saints their voice shall raise,
 And every tongue proclaim thy praise.

2.

The heaven above, and earth below,
 Thee, Lord, their great possessor know ;
 By thee this orb to being rose,
 And all that nature's bounds inclose.

3.

From thee, amid the æthereal space
 The north and south assume their place ;
 Strong is thine arm : thy steadfast will
 Thy hands with sure effect fulfill.

4.

O blest the tribes, whose willing ear
 Awakes the festal hymn to hear ;
 Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
 Thy favouring beams around them spread.

5.

O wise in all thy works ! thy name
 Let man's whole race aloud proclaim ;
 And, grateful, through the length of days
 In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

360. P. M. BISHOP MANT.

[*Psalm cxlv.*]

1.

GOD, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name ;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.
All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee ;
Thee shall all thy saints adore ;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

2.

They thy might, all might excelling,
Shall to all mankind make known ;
And the brightness of thy dwelling,
And the glories of thy throne.
Ever through eternal ages
Shall thy royal might remain :
Evermore thy brightness blazes,
Ever lasts thy throned reign.

361. I. M. ROSCOE.

God worthy of all praise.

1.

LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2.

Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.

3.

In ardent adoration joined,
 Obedient to thy holy will,
 Let all my faculties combined,
 Thy just commands, O God, fulfill.

4.

And may my song, with solemn sound,
 Like incense rise before thy throne,
 Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
 Great cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

362. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

[Psalm lxiii.]

1.

O GOD, thou art my God alone ;
 Early to thee my soul shall cry ;
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,
 A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
 When I remember on my bed,
 Thy presence makes the darkness light,
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3.

Better than life itself thy love,
 Dearer than all beside to me ;
 For whom have I in heaven above,
 Or what on earth, compared with thee ?

4.

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
 For all thy mercy I will give ;
 My soul shall still in God rejoice,
 My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

P

363. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise to God through every scene of life.

1.

SOVEREIGN of nature, all is thine,

The earth, the air, the sea :

By thee the orbs cœlestial shine,

And cherubs live by thee.

2.

Rich in thine own essential power,

Thou call'st forth worlds at will :

Ten thousand, and ten thousand more

Would hear thy summons still.

3.

To thee our humble vows we raise,

To thee address our prayer,

And, cheer'd by thine all-gracious word,

Dismiss each anxious care.

4.

Midst hourly cares may love present

Its incense to thy throne,

And, while the world our hands employs,

Our hearts be thine alone.

5.

As different scenes of life arise,

Our grateful hearts would be

With thee amidst the social band,

In solitude with thee.

6.

What thanks can mortal man repay

For favours great as thine ?

Or how can tongues of feeble clay

Proclaim such love divine ?

364. P. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

raise to God through all the changes of life.

1.

OD of the changing year, whose arm of power
safety leads through danger's darkest hour ;
re in thy temple bow thy creatures down
bless thy mercy, and thy might to own :
see first, thee last," the source and spring of
blessing,
n age to age, from sire to son confessing.

2.

ine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
d pour around the gladdening light of day ;
ine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
cheer its hours of darkness ; all are thine :
hand hath fixt the seasons' sure succession,
mark'd the circling year's complete pro-
gression.]

3.

ound our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
d mortal friends were faithless, thou wast true ;
l sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
e wounded spirit, thou wast present there,
re'er we roved our wandering steps attending,
outstretcht arm our heads from ill defending.

4.

, when our hearts review departed days,
v vast thy mercies ! how remiss our praise !
ll may we dread to meet thine awful eye,
l, self-reproved, before thy footstool lie ;
bow our heads in silent shame before thee,
less the clouds that scatter darkness o'er thee.

5.

O lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee !
 Where'er we dwell still let thy mercy be ;
 From year to year still nearer to thy shrine
 Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine
 " Thee first, thee last," the source and spring
 Of blessing,
 From youth to age, in life, in death confessing

365. P. M. BOWRING.

Adoration of the one true God.

1.

ANCIENT of ages, humbly bent before thee,
 Songs of glad homage, Lord, to thee we bring
 Touch'd by thy spirit, O teach us to adore thee
 Sole God and Father, everlasting King !

Let thy light attend us,
 Let thy grace befriend us,
 Eternal, unrivall'd, all-directing King.

2.

Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nation
 Through the wide universe thy name be known
 Millions of voices shall join in adorations,
 Join to adore thee, undivided One.

Every soul invited,
 Every voice united,
 United to praise thee, undivided One.

366. P. M.

Trust in providence. [Psalm xlii.]

1.

WHEN with anxious thought repining,
 Gloom and fear,
 Wasting care,
 To distrust inclining ;

2.

Raised from depths of mental blindness,
 Sown in tears,
 Joy appears,
 Beaming with Heaven's kindness.

3.

Gracious Lord, thy love possessing,
 Let each heart
 Bear its part,
 Grateful for each blessing.

367. C. M. WALLACE.

The Creator seen in his works.

1.

THERE's not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But mercy gave it birth.

2.

There's not a cloud whose dews distill
 Upon the parching clod,
 And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
 That is not sent by God.

3.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,
 For God is every where.

4.

Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There Heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.

5.

Then rise, my soul ! and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And built the universe.

368. C. M. MILTON.

Restoration of pure worship.

[Psalm lxxxv. 11, and lxxxvi. 9, 10.]

1.

THE nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

2.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

3.

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done ;
Thou in thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

369. P. M. MONTGOMERY.

Praise to God for his mercy and truth.

[Psalm cxvii.]

1.

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord ;
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

2.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3.

Praise him, ye who know his love,
Praise him from the depths beneath,
Praise him in the heights above :
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

370. L. M. ROSCOE.

Praise to the God of nature.

1.

WHO gave the sun his noon-day light?
Who taught the moon to shine by night?
Whose hands the sheet of heaven unroll'd,
All set with stars like drops of gold?

2.

Who gave the winds their course to know?
The ocean tides to ebb and flow?
And day and night preserve their bounds,
And changing seasons know their rounds?

3.

Could man conceive the vast design?
Could he the grand machine combine,...
Stretch his weak hands from pole to pole,
And bid them on their centre roll?

4.

Could man, with all his skill, compose
The humblest blade of grass that grows?
Or at his will ordain to be
The smallest insect that we see?

5.

'Twas God who gave creation birth,
Who form'd this wondrous globe of earth,
And breathed throughout the mighty whole
The likeness of a living soul.

6.

Bow then to God, O all that live !
To God eternal praises give ;
Who fashion'd by his mighty hand
Sun, moon, and stars, and sea, and land.

371. L. M. MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

A morning hymn.

1.

AGAIN the morning's beams proclaim
The glories of thy sacred name ;
And heaven and earth and air and sea
Reflect thy might, thy majesty.

2.

Thine everlasting love is spread
O'er valley, plain, and mountain-head,....
Breathes in the breeze, and lights the dew ;
'Tis ever active, ever new.

3.

But man, thy favoured creature, shares
Thy kinder, thy peculiar cares ;
And what is man, that he should be
So loved and favoured, Lord, of thee ?

4.

O be it my unwearied aim
To merit this distinguish'd name ;
All other praise, all other bliss
Is weak, is vain, compared with this.

372. L. M. BISHOP KEN.

A morning hymn.

1.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2.

By influence of the light divine
 Let thine own light to others shine ;
 Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
 In ardent love and cheerful praise.

3.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
 Disperse my sins as morning dew,
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

4.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design to do or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

5.

All praise to thee, who safe hast kept
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept :
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

SUPPLEMENT TO BOOK III.

ON THE PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

373. L. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

[*And I heard the voice of many angels round
about the throne. Rev. v. 11.*]

1.

THE Lord Jehovah sits on high,
Enthroned in peerless majesty ;
Cœlestial bands around him wait,
Or watch at heaven's eternal gate.

2.

And now their well-tuned harps they try,
In choral strains, and " anthems high,"—
" O holy ! holy ! holy Lord !
" First cause, through all thy works adored !

3.

" For thee, creation has no bound ;
" New systems still thy praise resound ;
" And what thy power first gave to be
" Derives all blessedness from thee.

4.

“ All known, and naked to thine eye
 “ The wondrous springs of nature lie :
 “ And angel minds are baffled still
 “ To measure thine unrivall’d skill.”

5.

Such is the seraph’s glorious song,
 While listening spheres the praise prolong :
 Let man the grateful hymn essay,
 Nor cease till nature’s powers decay.

6.

O thou, our Ruler, Parent, Friend,
 Thou, at whose gracious throne we bend,
 Accept our faint attempts to praise
 Whilst to thy name our voice we raise.

374. L. M. BISHOP MANT.

The one only God.

1.

FOR ever, Lord, thy power remains,
 Secure as yon æthereal plains :
 Like earth’s foundations, firm and fast,
 Thy throne from age to age shall last.

2.

All kings to thy superior sway
 Shall at thy feet their homage pay ;
 All nations own with one accord
 Thee, King of kings, of lords the Lord.

3.

Supreme in earth, supreme in heaven,
 To thee be strength, be blessing given :
 Dread Sovereign on thy holy throne,
 Thou art, and thou art God alone.

375. P. M.

Invocation of the divine presence.

1.

WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
 Fill'd with awe and holy fear,
 Teach us, O our God, to feel
 All thy sacred presence near.
 Check each proud and wandering thought
 When on thy great name we call;
 Map is nought—is less than nought:
 Thou, our God, art all in all.

2.

Weak, imperfect creatures, we
 In this vale of darkness dwell;
 Yet presume to look to thee
 Midst thy light ineffable.
 O forgive the praise that dares
 Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
 Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
 Infinite and holy One!

376. L. M. BISHOP MANT.
 [Psalm lxxxix.]

1.

THE mercies of the eternal King,
 Perpetual as himself, I sing;
 And on his truth my lips shall dwell,
 That age to age the strain may tell.

2.

Thee, Lord, thy saints assembled fear;
 Thee thine attendant hosts revere:
 Lord God of armies, King alone,
 Thy raiment truth, and strength thy zone.

3.

Where'er thine arm its sway extends,
Thy servant victory attends ;
Thy hand the organ of command,
And empire sits on thy right hand.

4.

On judgement just, on right confest,
Thy throne's eternal pillars rest ;
Love goes before, thy way to clear,
And truth, thy ready harbinger.

377. L. M. SCOTT.

The mercies of God.

1.

THE glittering spangles of the sky,
The sands which spread the extended shore,
If these I number'd, yet, my God,
I ne'er could count thy mercies o'er.

2.

Oft in the visions of the night
My thoughts upon thy mercies rove ;
And every silent watchful hour
I trace the wonders of thy love.

3.

The grateful unexhausted theme
Each rising morn my soul pursues,
In fervent prayer ascends to thee,
And still her thankful song renews.

4.

Nor days, nor nights, nor months, nor years,
Nor centuries would e'er suffice
To sound the unfathom'd depths of love,
Or touch the heights thy mercies rise.

5.

Thy mercies, Lord, through endless years
 Shall still my raptured powers employ :
 Yet endless years will only swell
 My wonder, gratitude, and joy.

378. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Submission to God's providence.

1.

MY God, my Father, blissful name !
 O may I call thee mine !
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine !

2.

This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly ;
 What harm can ever reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye ?

3.

Whate'er thy providence denies
 I calmly would resign ;
 For thou art just and good and wise ;
 O bend my will to thine.

4.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear ;
 O let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.

5.

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak erring sight ;
 Yet let my soul, adoring, own
 That all thy ways are right.

379. L. M. ROSCOE.

Joy in the providence of God.

1.

GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie,
Whose favouring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall ;

2.

We bow before thy heavenly throne ;
Thy power we see, thy goodness own ;
Yet, cherish'd by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3.

Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own ;
To thee with grateful hearts shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4.

Safe under thine unerring aid
Secure the paths of life we tread ;
And freely as the vital air
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5.

O God, our guardian and our friend !
O still thy sheltering arm extend ;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last.

380. C. M. . MRS. CARTER.

God's providence the support of the righteous.

1.

LET coward guilt with pallid fear
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

2.

Protected by that hand whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure
As in the blaze of day.

3.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious power
That breathes the vernal air.

4.

Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good.

381. L. M. H. TAYLOR.

God our protector and friend.

1.

GREAT source of light! whose mighty hand
The æthereal arch of heaven could bend;
Firm, midst contending storms we stand,
Thy word our rock, thine arm our friend.

2.

There's nought in heaven, or earth, or hell,
But prostrate sinks before thy might;
These atom worlds instinctive tell
Thy counsels wise, thy judgements right.

3.

Weak erring man, dost thou complain?
Is thine eternal Sire forgot?
Dar'st thou the voice of Heaven arraign,
And doubt the hand which spread thy lot?

4.

When hopeless grief and anxious fears
Bow down the soul with deepest gloom;
When through the veil of distant years
Scarce gleams a ray to cheer the tomb,

5.

To thee the suppliant eye we'll raise;
Thy balm shall pour its healing stream;
O'er sorrow's night and doubt's dark maze
Thy love shall shed its brightest beam.

6.

Still may the heart's pure incense rise
To thine eternal throne on high:
Thy hand presents the peerless prize
Which crowns an immortality.

382. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

God seen in all, and all in God.

1.

I READ thy name, O God, emblazon'd high
In golden letters on the illumined sky;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear thy voice, my God, among the trees.

2.

With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
 With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;
 In every creature own thy forming power ;
 In each event thy providence adore.

3.

At thy felt presence worldly passions cease,
 And my hush'd spirit finds a holy peace ;
 While each tumultuous thought within medies,
 And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes.

4.

Thus do I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
 Secure within the temple of thine arms ;
 Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

383. P. M. H. MOORE.

Divine love.

1.

MY God, thy boundless love I praise ;
 How bright on high its glories blaze ;
 How sweetly bloom below !
 It streams from thine eternal throne ;
 Through heaven its joys for ever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.

2.

'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray,
 Adorns the flowery robe of May,
 Perfumes the breathing gale :
 'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain
 With blushing fruits and golden grain,
 And smiles o'er every vale.

3.

But in thy gospel see it shine
 With grace and glories more divine,
 Proclaiming sins forgiven :
 There faith, bright cherub, points the way
 To realms of everlasting day,
 And opens all her heaven.

384. P. M. BOWRING.

"God is love."

1.

GOD is love : his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2.

Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the mist his brightness streameth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Every where his glory shineth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

385. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The compassion of God.

[Isaiah liv. 7, 8.]

1.

IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
What soft compassion reigns !
What gentle accents of thy voice
Assuage thy children's pains !

2.

“ When I correct my chosen sons
“ A father's mercies move :
“ One transient moment bounds my wrath,
“ But endless is my love.”

3.

Our faith shall look through every tear,
And view thy smiling face ;
And hope amidst our sighs shall tune
An anthem to thy grace.

4.

Gather at length my weary soul
To join thy saints above :
For I would learn a song of praise
Eternal as thy love.

386. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's compassion to penitent sinners.

1.

THE Lord from his exalted throne,
In majesty array'd,
Looks with a melting pity down
On all who seek his aid.

2.

When, touch'd with penitent remorse,
Our follies past we mourn,
With what a tenderness of love
He meets our first return!

3.

Through every scene of life and death
His promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

387. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

[*It is I, be not afraid.* Matth. xiv. 27.]

1.

WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hush'd, with a word, the raging storm;
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo it is I! be not afraid."

2.

So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove;—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3.

Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love and joy and hope are fled;
"Lo it is I! be not afraid."

4.

When men with fiend-like passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage;
Blest be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers—"God is over all."

5.

God calms the tumult and the storm ;
 He rules the seraph and the worm ;
 No creature is by him forgot,
 Of those who know, or know him not.

6.

And when the last dread hour shall come ;
 While shuddering nature waits her doom ;
 This voice shall call the pious dead ;
 " Lo it is I ! be not afraid."

388. P. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

God our supporter in affliction and death.

1.

O THOU that hear'st the contrite sigh,
 O God without whose breath I die,
 In thee is all my trust ;
 'Tis thine to heal each mortal pain,
 Or at thy will to break the chain
 That binds me to the dust.

2.

Why should I doubt that power to save
 Which e'en upon the shrouded grave
 Beams ever-living light ?
 Is there no peace beyond the tomb ?
 No sun of love to gild the gloom
 Of stern affliction's night ?

3.

The power that bade the planets roll,
 The arm that bends to no control,
 That power, that arm is mine ;
 To thee, when death shall be no more,
 O God, on high my soul shall soar,
 For ever, ever thine.

389. P. M. MONTGOMERY.

[Psalm xci.]

1.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd :
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare :
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2.

If, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

390. C. M. DRUMMOND.

God a resource in trouble.

[Psalm cxlvii. 3.]

1.

WHEN 'rest of all, and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
O what shall save us from despair ?
What dissipate the gloom ?

2.

No balm that earthly plants distill
Can soothe the mourner's smart ;
No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.

3.

But One alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of life and love
That long has ceased to burn.

4.

Then, O my soul, to that One flee,
To God thy woes reveal ;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His power alone can heal.

391. C. M. WATTS.

The faithfulness of God.

1.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs ;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2.

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears :
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

3.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

4.

If light attend the course I run,
 'Tis he provides those rays ;
 And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.

5.

His mercy reigns through every land ;
 Proclaim his grace abroad :
 For ever firm his truth shall stand ;
 Praise ye the faithful God.

392. L. M. BOWRING.

God every where present.

1.

FATHER and friend ! thy light, thy love,
 Beaming through all thy works we see ;
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
 And all the earth is full of thee.

2.

Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel ;
 Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
 Involved in clouds, invisible,
 Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3.

We know not in what hallow'd part
 Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;
 But this we know, that where thou art,
 Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with thee.

4.

And through the various maze of time.
 And through the infinity of space,
 We follow thy career sublime,
 And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Q

5.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustain'd by this delightful thought;
Since thou, their God, art every where,
They cannot be where thou art not.

393. P. M. MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

God every where present.

1.

SHOULD fate compel my steps to stray,
Lead me to distant climes away,
To regions wild and bare :
Where'er I dwell, where'er I roam,
I find a Father and a home,
For God is every where !

2.

E'en to the furthest verge of earth
He gives the vast creation birth,
And boundless love declares :
In cities full, or barren wastes,
Man all his Maker's bounty tastes,
And all his mercy shares.

3.

I cannot go where endless love
Sustaining all yon orbs above
Smiles not on all around :
Educing good from seeming ill,
And better thence, and better still,
To time's remotest bound.

394. C. M. DRENNAN.

God present to sincere worship.

1.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord ;
 Yet he in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell and be adored.

2.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer,
 Or on the earth, or in the skies,
 The heaven of God is there.

3.

His presence there is spread abroad,
 Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
 Who seek the mercies of our God
 Are always near his throne.

395. L. M. MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

The love of God displayed in the works of nature.

1.

WHENE'ER we climb the mountain's head
 To greet the harbinger of day,
 Or see him sink in ocean's bed,
 Thy love, O God, points every ray.

2.

In the fresh balmy evening breeze,
 Where groves of gold and verdure shine,
 Rich with the perfume of the trees,
 We hear the voice of love divine.

3.

Love decks the finely varied flowers,
The fragrant progeny of spring,
And round the prison'd senses pours
Their soft delicious offering.

4.

'Tis love that paints the insect quires
With all their gay and gorgeous dyes ;
'Tis love the simple birds inspires,
And charms in all their melodies.

5.

Nay, every sight that wins the eye,
And every sound that woos the ear,
And every gale that passes by,
Proclaims the hand of love is there.

396. L. M. ROTHWELL.

*Confidence in the wisdom and goodness of
God.*

1.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above ;
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2.

With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious, just and true.

3.

Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4.

They neither know nor trace the way ;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5.

My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne ;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

397. L. M. BISHOP MANT.

The glory of God in creation.

1.

JEHOVAH reigns : Thou earth, rejoice :
Ye distant islands, lift the voice.
Him first, him last, him greatest own,
He reigns, and he is God alone.

2.

His robe of light he round him flung ;
Stretch'd like a tent the heavens he hung ;
The fabric of his dwelling laid
In watery mists' compacted shade.

3.

Of flying clouds his car he forms,
And rides upon the winged storms ;
While angel hosts his power proclaim
In whirlwind blasts and lightning flame.

4.

He fix'd perpetual from its birth
The deep foundations of the earth ;
And gave it, planted by his hand,
Unmoved and undissolved to stand.

5.

Jehovah, he is Israel's God :
 His judgements walk the earth abroad :
 No other God our praises own,
 But thee, thine Israel's holy one.

398. L. M. BISHOP KEN.

God is light.

1.

ALL praise to thee, in light array'd,
 Who light thy dwelling-place hast made ;
 A boundless ocean of bright beams
 From thine all-glorious godhead streams.

2.

The sun, in its meridian height,
 Is very darkness in thy sight ;
 My soul O lighten and inflame
 With thought and love of thy great name.

3.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
 Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
 One ray of thine all-quickenng light
 Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

399. L. M. WATTS.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

1.

MY soul, thy great Creator praise.
 When clothed in his coelestial rays
 He in full majesty appears,
 And like a robe his glory wears :

2.

The heavens are for his curtain spread,
The unfathom'd deep he makes his bed :
Clouds are his chariot when he flies,
On winged storms, across the skies.

3.

Above the earth, beyond the sky
Stands his high throne of majesty ;
Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

400. C. M. E. WILLIAMS.

[Psalm cxvii.]

1.

THY sole dominion, heavenly King,
Enjoys immortal peace :
And, founded on a rock, endures
No shadow of decrease.

2.

The rock of ages is the base
On which its towers recline,
Whose walls of adamant are crown'd
With beams of joy divine.

3.

Beneath thy reign of bliss supreme,
Be mine the glorious part
To share the bounties of thy love
With ecstasy of heart ;

4.

Where wisdom thy design unfolds
In truth's eternal light,
And goodness breathes her native air
In realms of pure delight.

401. L. M. MERRICK.

[Psalm civ.]

1.

O CLOTHED with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !
Light forms thy robe, and round thy head
The heavens their ample curtain spread.

2.

Behold, aloft, the King of kings,
Borne on the winds' expanded wings,
His chariot, by the clouds supplied,
Thro' heaven's wide realm triumphant ride.

3.

To God the all-prolific earth,
From chaos call'd, ascribes her birth ;
And, fixt by his almighty hand,
Has stood, and shall for ages stand.

4.

He spake ; and o'er each mountain's head
The deep its watery mantle spread :
He spake ; and from the whelming flood
Again their tops emergent stood.

5.

Eternal Ruler of the skies,
How various are thy works, how wise !
How great the wonders thou hast wrought,
And deep beyond all search of thought !

PAUSE.

6.

Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine ;
Thy works in changeless order lie,
And glad their great Creator's eye.

7.

Earth at thy look shall trembling stand,
 Conscious of sovereign power at hand,
 And, touch'd by thee, almighty Sire,
 The cloud-topt hills in smoke expire.

8.

To God in ceaseless strains my tongue
 Shall meditate the grateful song;
 His acts shall be my constant theme,
 His favour my delight supreme.

9.

My soul, the hymn of ardent praise
 In loudest notes triumphant raise ;
 And let consenting nations join
 To bless with me the name divine.

402. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The greatness and majesty of God.

[Isaiah xl. 15, 16, 17.]

1.

YE weak inhabitants of clay,
 Ye trifling insects of a day,
 Low in your native dust bow down
 Before the Eternal's awful throne.

2.

With trembling heart, with solemn eye,
 Behold Jehovah seated high :
 And search, what worthy sacrifice
 Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

3.

Let Lebanon her cedars bring
 To blaze before the sovereign King,
 And all the beasts that on it feed
 As victims at his altar bleed.

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4.

Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains :

5.

Join'd with the living, let the dead
Rising the face of earth o'erspread :
And while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.

6.

The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee !

403. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's majesty and goodness.

1.

OUR Lord ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in majesty unknown ;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all the æthereal hills.

2.

His glories strike the wondering sight
Of all the first-born sons of light :
Beyond the seraphim they shine
Unrival'd all, and all divine.

3.

Beyond an angel's vision bright
He dwells in self-existent light,
Which shines with undiminish'd ray
When suns and stars in smoke decay.

4.

Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is :
Let all your powers rejoice, and bless
While you record his holiness.

5.

His anger but a moment stays :
His love is life and length of days :
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

404. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

The power and majesty of God.

1.

THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar,
The Lord uplifts his awful hand
And chains you to the shore.

3.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine ;
Without his high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain-pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5.

Ye nations bend, in reverence bend,
 Ye monarchs wait his nod,
 And bid the choral song ascend
 To celebrate the God !

405. C. M. DR. THOMSON.

Omnipresence of God.

1.

JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
 On every hand we see ;
 O may the blessings of each hour
 Lead all our thoughts to thee !

2.

If on the wings of morn we speed
 To earth's remotest bound,
 Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
 Thine arm our path surround.

3.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
 And reaches to the skies ;
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
 Thy goodness never dies.

4.

From morn till noon, till latest eve,
 The hand of God we see ;
 And all the blessings we receive,
 Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5.

In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee our hopes depend ;
 In every age, in every clime,
 Our Father and our friend !

SUPPLEMENT
TO BOOK IV.
ON CHRISTIAN BLESSINGS.

406. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Excellency of the Gospel.

1.

THOU, mighty God, art God alone,
A King of majesty unknown :
And all thy dazzling glories rise
Beyond the reach of angels' eyes.

2.

Yet through this earth thy works proclaim
Some notice of thy reverend name :
And where thy gracious gospel shines,
We read it in the fairest lines.

3.

How rich, how glorious, how divine,
My God, that precious gift of thine !
How far above all mortal things,
The little pride of courts and kings !

409. L. M. WATTS.

The word of God a river of life.

[Psalm xlv. 4.]

1.

THERE is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode :

2.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls ;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

410. P. M. MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

The word of God the source of our joy and trust.

1.

THE Gospel is the light,
 That, if all other lamps grow dim,
 Shall never burn less purely bright,
 Or lead astray from Him.

2.

It is the golden key
 To treasures of cœlestial wealth :
 Joy to the sons of misery,
 And, to the sick man, health.

3.

It is the blessed band
 That reaches from the eternal throne,
 To him, whoe'er he be, whose hand
 Will seize it for his own.

4.

The gently proffer'd aid
Of one who knows us, and can best
Supply the beings he has made
With what will make them blest.

5.

It is the sweetest sound
That infant ears delight to hear ;
Travelling across the holy ground
With God and angels near.

6.

There rests the aching head,
There age and sorrow love to go :
And how it smooths the dying bed,
O let the Christian show !

411. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The advantages of seeking the knowledge of
God.*

1.

SHINE forth, eternal source of light,
And make thy glories known :
Fill our enlarged adoring sight
With lustre all thine own.

2.

Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.

3.

To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill ;
True science is to read thy name,
True life to obey thy will.

4.

For this I long, for this I pray,
 And following on, pursue;
 Till visions of eternal day
 Fix and complete the view.

412. P. M. BOWRING.

The consolations of religion.

1.

If all our hopes and all our fears
 Were prison'd in life's little bound;
 If, travellers through this vale of tears,
 We saw no better world beyond;—
 O what should check the rising sigh?
 What earthly thing could pleasure give?
 Who then in peace could ever die;
 Or who would breathe a wish to live?

2.

Were life a dark and desert moor,
 Where clouds and mists eternal spread
 Their gloomy veil behind, before,
 And tempests thunder overhead;
 Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
 And not a floweret smiles beneath;—
 Who could exist in such a tomb?
 Who dwell in darkness and in death?

3.

Yet such were life, without the ray
 From our divine religion given;
 'Tis this that makes our darkness day,
 'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.

Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom ;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

413. L. M. BEDDOME.

Jesus the light of the world.

1.

YE worlds of light that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss ;
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compared with his.

2.

We sing the bright and morning star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love :
See, how its rays, diffused from far :
Conduct us to the realms above !

3.

Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,
Point out the doubtful Christian's way ;
Still as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4.

O joy ! to reach that heavenly place,
From darkness, as from sorrow far,
Where through the boundless fields of space
For ever shines the morning star.

414. L. M. BOWRING.

Jesus teaching the people.

1.

How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place !

2.

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3.

" Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
" Come, all ye weary ones and rest !"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4.

Decay then, tenements of dust !
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

415. P. M. BOWRING.

The cross of Christ.

1.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2.

When the woes of life o’ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o’er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

416. P. M.

The resurrection of Christ.

1.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb :
Jesus dissipates the gloom :
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !

2.

Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
Chase those unbelieving fears :
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade :
Drive your anxious cares away ;
See the place where Jesus lay.

4.

So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

417. P. M. MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

*[Blessed are they that mourn, for they
shall be comforted. Matth. v. 4.]*

1.

COME, ye who mourn, and dry your tears,
And let your sorrows cease ;
For lo ! the Son of Man appears,
Who calms the sufferer's anxious fears,
And soothes his soul to peace.

2.

Come, ye who mourn the sinner's choice,
Come and efface the stain :
For lo ! the blest Redeemer's voice
Bids every wounded heart rejoice,
And whispers peace again.

3.

Come, ye who mourn with pain opprest,
And cast your cares behind :
Come lean upon your Saviour's breast,
And hush the anxious soul to rest,
And calm the troubled mind.

4.

Come, ye who weep departed friends,
 Come, all to sorrow driven :
 Lo! o'er the grave hope's rainbow bends,
 Whose beauty from the earth extends,
 And reaches up to heaven.

418. L. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

Pious confidence in God.

1.

How rich the blessings, O my God,
 Which teach this grateful heart to glow ;
 How kindly pour'd, and free bestow'd,
 The rivers of thy mercy flow !

2.

How calmly rolls the stream of life ;
 Secure in thine immortal trust,
 The soul has hush'd her secret strife,
 Nor longer shudders at the dust.

3.

Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'er cast
 The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
 She knows that it must soon be past,
 And will unveil eternity.

419. L. M.

[*Thy kingdom come.* Matth. vi. 10.]

1.

Who that o'er many a barren part
 Of earth, with thoughtful steps hath trod,
 But with a fervent voice and heart
 Will pray, "Thy kingdom come, O God!"

2.

“Thy kingdom come!” the heathen lands
In error sunk, thy presence crave :
And victims bound by tyrant hands
Implore thee, Father, come and save !

3.

“Thy kingdom come!” each troubled mind
In doubt and darkness calls for thee :
For thou hast eyes to give the blind,
And strength to set the captive free.

4.

Thy reign of peace and love begin !
Too oft the Christian’s sacred name
Is stain’d by wrath and shamed by sin ;
O come, assert the gospel’s claim.

5.

O never in that righteous cause,
Our hearts be slow, our voices dumb :
Upon the glorious theme we pause,
And fervent pray “Thy kingdom come !”

420. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Public worship of God.

[O God, praise waiteth for thee in Zion.
Psalm lxxv. 1.]

1.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
Thy saints adore thy holy name :
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly thy protection claim.

2.

Thy hand has raised us from the dust :
The breath of life thy spirit gave.
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust ?
Who, but our God, has power to save ?

3.

Eternal source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call.
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou, to us, art all in all.

4.

Still may thy children, in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see :
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie, the love of thee !

5.

Here, at the portal of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears.
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

6.

So shall our suns of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray ;
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes,
With beams of everlasting day.

421. S. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

The blessings of public worship.

1.

COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come !
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.

R

2.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now,
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.

3.

Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love :
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4.

Ye young, before his throne
Your cheerful anthems raise :
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5.

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call,

6.

Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

422. L. M. NEW YORK SELECTION.

The Christian sabbath.

1.

WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2.

Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest !
May we improve thy calm repose,
And in God's service truly blest
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

3.

Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew !

423. L. M. HANCOX.

The Christian sabbath.

1.

How welcome thy returning beams,
Thou fairest morn of all the seven !
Those wake to toil, and earthly schemes ;
Thou to repose, and thoughts of heaven !

2.

The six days' noise and rage are o'er,
Appeased the tumult, and the strife ;
Now may the spirit freely soar,
No longer chain'd to cares of life.

3.

Come, let us join the goodly throng,
And pay to God our early vow ;
Repeat his praise in cheerful song,
And at his footstool humbly bow.

4.

He hath reveal'd a blest abode,
In gospel lines divinely fair ;
Come, let us seek the heavenly road,
That we may not be strangers there.

5.

Nor with the sabbath's failing ray
Let us our pious zeal conclude,
But strive to know each passing day
Some strengthened grace or sin subdued.

6.

Then we may trust our Father's love,
That when we've past these days of care,
Train'd for his blissful courts above,
An endless sabbath we shall share.

424. S. M. WATTS.

For the Lord's day.

1.

THE work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day proclaims it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

2.

We hail the glorious day
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chased each painful doubt away,
And bade the church rejoice.

3.

Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirm'd of God we view.

4.

O come the happy hour,
When all the earth shall own
Thy Son, O God, declared with power,
And worship at thy throne.

425. L. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

The pearl of great price.

[Matt. xiii. 45.]

1.

FAR hence, kind Heaven, the wish remove
To build our gain on others' loss ;
Compared with active social love,
Pearls are but toys, and gold is dross.

2.

Let others, with corroding care
And sleepless nights and days of toil,
For perishable bliss prepare,
And dream of countless hoards of spoil.

3.

One pearl there is of richest price,
Worth all our seeking to obtain ;
'Tis the soul's wealth, its paradise,—
Which they who seek, seek not in vain.

4.

Happy the man whose ardent soul
With joy this "goodly pearl" hath found :
O'er him misfortune's wave may roll ;
He bends, but steadfast keeps his ground.

5.

From every mouth let praise arise,
Our grateful thanks to God be given,
Whose gospel is our richest prize,
Our light through life, our path to heaven.

426. P. M. NEWTON.

Promises to the church.

[Psalm lxxxvii.]

1.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2.

See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows his thirst to assuage ?
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

427. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Singing in the ways of God.

1.

Now let our voices join
To form one pleasant song :
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2.

How straight the path appears !
How open and how fair !
No lurking snares to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.

3.

But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring :
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4.

See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5.

All honour to his name
Who led the shining way ;
Whose word of promise cheers the path,
And leads to endless day !

6.

Reduce the nations, Lord ;
Teach all their kings thy ways ;
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
And heaven resound the praise.

428. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The heavenly kingdom an inheritance.

[Matt. v. 3.]

1.

YE humble souls, complain no more ;
Let faith survey your future store ;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.

2.

When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points to your dejected eyes
A bright reversion in the skies.

3.

In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours:

4.

A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health and peace and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish has full supplies:

5.

A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
Though time sweep earthly thrones away:
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved for ever must remain.

429. P. M. MONTGOMERY.

Creation and redemption.

1.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with halleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4.

And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

430. L. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

[*A new heaven and a new earth.* Rev. xxi.]

1.

YON glorious orbs that gild the sky
Proclaim the God who reigns on high ;
He pours the radiant stream they boast,
And marshals all the moving host.

2.

But glittering stars shall cease to burn ;
The sun forsake his golden urn ;
This earth, these heavens, be swept away,
The splendid pageant of a day.

3.

Yet will the Eternal wake to birth
More radiant heavens, a fairer earth,
Whose lustre shall admit no shade,
Whose lasting bloom shall never fade.

4.

When time and death shall be no more,
To those bright realms the saints shall soar ;
And welcomed by their faithful Lord
Shall then receive their vast reward.

SUPPLEMENT
TO BOOK V.
ON THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

431. L. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

Acceptable worship.

1.

O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud tomorrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine at least today.

2.

We will not bring divided hearts,
To worship at thy sacred shrine ;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine.

3.

O Father, God below, above ;
Man's noblest work is praising thee ;
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

432. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

[*Who am I then that I should build him
an house?* 2 Chron. xi. 5.]

1.

WHO shall a temple build for him,
Who fills the heaven of heavens alone?
Who shall exalt his glorious name,
Fixt in his everlasting throne?

2.

Yet many a lowly fane shall rise,
Which God himself will not disdain.
He will accept the sacrifice;
Nor shall the offering e'er be vain.

3.

No gorgeous dome, nor boastful vow,
Can e'er find favour in his sight.
The humble votary, meek and low;
The holy soul, are his delight.

4.

On these his grace and mercy rest;
Nor from their shrines will he depart.
His temple is the righteous breast;
His altar is the pious heart.

433. C. M. BOWRING.

Pure and acceptable worship.

1.

O THOU, to whom all praise belongs,
Thou Lord and Judge alone,
Say, what shall consecrate our songs?
What waft them to thy throne?

2.

The offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

3.

Upon thine all-discerning ear,
Let no vain words intrude,
No tribute but the vow sincere,
The tribute of the good.

4.

My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

5.

O may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above!

434. L. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

[*Him that is weak in the faith receive ye.*
Rom. xiv. 1.]

1.

BLEST with the gospel for our guide,
Where charity and meekness reign,
O never may religious pride
The weaker brother's plea disdain!

2.

"Him that is weak in faith receive,"
Nor view with cold averted eye:
Convinced, and happy to believe,
Forbear to judge his destiny.

3.

He who has framed the human mind
Its wandering and its weakness knows :
And all who seek the truth shall find
That mercy to the erring flows.

4.

Ye servants of the Prince of Peace,
Show the blest influence of his word :
So shall the church of Christ increase,
And every tongue confess the Lord.

435. C. M.

The religious character.

1.

Who shall behold the King of kings
In his fair dwelling-place?
Who shall ascend on seraph wings
And see him "face to face?"

2.

He, the foundations of whose hope
In humble thoughts are laid ;
Who still with cheerful faith looks up
For pardon and for aid :

3.

Who hastens with the dawning day
The throne of grace to seek,
And, taught himself, would teach the way
Of peace to all the weak :

4.

Whose fervent spirit eager springs
To do thy will, O Lord ;
Who sees thee in all beauteous things,
Who hears thee in thy word.

6.

We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
But while we die to earth and sense
Our heaven is begun.

438. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Asking the way to Zion.

1.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill ;
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2.

Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3.

Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there ;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent prayer.

4.

Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands ;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

5.

Come, let us seal without delay
The covenant of his grace ;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.

6.

Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God ;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod.

439. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

[*Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord
when he cometh shall find watching.*
Luke xii. 35, 37.]

1.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

440. L. M. BISHOP MANT.

[Psalm cxix.]

1.

How blest, the blest of God, are they
Who keep Jehovah's perfect way;
Blest, who his word reveal'd fulfill,
And seek, with perfect heart, his will.

2.

Redeem'd from sin's imperious sway,
Their steps his guiding hand obey;
For not in vain his laws require
The heedful eye, the prompt desire.

3.

O may my feet, with steadfast view,
The path thy precepts teach pursue!
With eye intent thy laws to trace,
No shame shall veil my conscious face.

4.

Thy righteous judgements taught to know,
My heart sincere thy praise shall show:
Nor from that heart do thou withdraw,
Which strives to keep thy honoured law.

441. L. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

[*If the light that is in thee be darkness, how
great is that darkness. Matt. vi. 23.*]

1.

THERE is a beam of glorious light,
A spark that from Heaven's radiant throne
Cheers with kind power our mental sight,
And guides our dubious footsteps on.

2.

Happy the man within whose breast
These hallow'd flames serenely glow ;
Content and peace there take their rest,
And bloom on his unclouded brow.

3.

Yet oft do false delusive fires
Shoot forth in pleasure's dangerous shade ;
But soon the treacherous flame expires,
And the poor victim's phantoms fade.

4.

Revenge and mad ambition's sway,
And bloated pride and sordid care,
These the wild fires that lead astray,
To pain and sorrow and despair.

5.

Great source of power, and life and light,
Beam on each sad benighted soul :
O guide our erring steps aright,
That we may reach the heavenly goal.

442. C. M. COTTON.

The contemplation of heavenly joys.

1.

THIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies :
My soul pursue the lofty theme,
And to the heavens arise.

2.

Let no vain care divert thy mind
From the cœlestial road,
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

3.

Think on the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high ;
Nor meanly rest contented here
With worlds beneath the sky.

4.

Heaven is the birth-place of the saints,
To heaven their souls ascend ;
The Almighty owns his favourite race
As Father and as Friend.

5.

O may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence !

443. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Devout aspirations.

1.

UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet :
And thou, my soul, in reverence bow
At thy dread Sovereign's feet.

2.

Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend ;
For lo ! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3.

Behold his wise, his perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives :
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives !

4.

Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot ;
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

5.

Thus, gracious God, our feeble souls
Shall pass victorious on,
As the first dawning light improves
To all the blaze of noon.

444. L. M.

[*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all
thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with
all thy mind, and with all thy strength.*
Mark xii. 30.]

1.

"**THUS** shalt thou love the almighty Lord,
"With all thy heart and soul and mind :"
So speaks to man that sacred word
For counsel and reproof design'd.

2.

"With all thy heart,"—each idol thing
To God must all the sway resign ;
Nor o'er thy breast a shadow fling
To darken that pure love of thine.

3.

"With all thy mind,"—each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.

4.

“With soul and strength,”—thy days of ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to Him.

5.

O Power supreme, in whom we move,
Vouchsafe thy servants in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve thee while they may.

445. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.
*The love and fear of God our support under
affliction.*

1.

LORD, how resplendent shines thy grace
Through sorrow's darkest sky,
To those who humbly seek thy face,
And on thy love rely !

2.

If wealth take wings and flee away
They still have stores divine ;
A treasure that shall ne'er decay,
A pure exhaustless mine.

3.

When death has slain their earthly joys,
Not hopeless they deplore ;
They look to those eternal skies
Where friends shall part no more.

4.

And when with conscious guilt opprest,
They own their sins to thee ;
Thou dost revive the fainting breast
With pardon full and free.

5.

O Lord, to thee our hearts we'll bring,
 Fixt in thy love and fear :
 Then shall our sorrows lose their sting,
 And dry be every tear.

446. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Trust in God.

1.

How gentle God's commands !
 How kind his precepts are !
 Come, cast your burthens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.

2.

While Providence supports,
 Let saints securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears all nature up,
 Shall guide his children well.

3.

Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind ?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.

447. P. M. BOWRING.

Prayer to the God of mercy.

1.

FATHER ! whose benignant ear
 Ever to the prayers attending
 Of the humble worshiper ;
 Whether from thy house ascending,

Or from nature's solitude—
 Every voice devoutly blending,
 We address thee, wise and good,
 At thy holy altar bending.

2.

Thou, our fathers' God and ours,
 Teach us all to love and fear thee :
 Lead us through life's varied hours,
 Fixt on heaven and ever near thee ;
 When our little task is done,
 May our children still revere thee ;
 So thy work shall hasten on,
 Till assembled worlds shall hear thee.

448. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

1.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered, or unexpress'd ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.

3.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try :
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

4.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword in the hour of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5.

O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

449. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Trust in the divine presence and help.

1.

AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear ?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near ?

2.

Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid
When dangers round us rise ?

3.

Dost thou a father's kindness feel
For all thy humble saints ;
And in such tender accents speak
To soothe their sad complaints ?

4.

On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish every care ;
The gloomy vale of death must smile
If God be with me there.

5.

While I his gracious succour prove
 Midst all my various ways,
 The darkest shades through which I pass
 Shall echo with his praise.

450. L. M. MRS. ROGERS.

Pious confidence in God.

1.

WHY should I murmur or repine
 At what may be my Father's will?
 Wisdom and power and love are thine:
 Thy grace is all-sufficient still.

2.

Thy plans, beyond the bounds of time,
 Eternal ages comprehend;
 To form the soul to joys sublime
 In that blest world which ne'er shall end.

3.

Bow then, my soul, submissive bow,
 And trust thy gracious Father's love;
 His kind design in bringing low
 Is to prepare for joys above.

4.

This transient scene will soon be o'er,
 Its joys, its sorrows, pass away:
 This night of gloom returns no more,
 But ushers in a glorious day.

5.

Then shall the goodness of my God
 In full resplendent lustre shine,
 Diffusing through the blest abode
 A joy unspeakably divine.

451. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Refuge and strength in the mercy of God.

1.

MY God, 'tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2.

My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3.

My great protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4.

O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

452. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Faith in the promises of God.

1.

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord;
His well-establish'd mind
In every varying scene of life
Shall true composure find.

2.

Oft through the deep and stormy sea
 The heavenly footsteps lie ;
 But on a glorious world beyond
 His faith can fix its eye.

3.

Though dark his present prospects be,
 And sorrows round him dwell ;
 Yet hope can whisper to his soul
 That all shall issue well.

4.

Full in the presence of his God,
 Through every scene he goes ;
 And, fearing him, no other fear
 His steadfast bosom knows.

5.

No dangers can his soul alarm,
 No gloomy views affright ;
 For faith assures his humble heart
 Whatever is, is right.

453. L. M. BOWRING.

[*We walk by faith, and not by sight.*

2 Cor. v. 7.]

1.

WE walk by faith and not by sight ;
 And if we ever go astray,
 Do thou, O Lord, conduct us right,
 And lead us in our onward way.

2.

Onward from earth to heaven we go ;
 And gently guided, Lord, by thee,
 The path which is begun below
 Conducts to immortality.

3.

And though it wear a transient gloom,
 Though darkness on our steps attend,
 E'en though it lead us through the tomb,
 Its course is bliss, and heaven its end.

454. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

Reliance upon God in affliction.

1.

O GOD, to thee my sinking soul
 In deep distress shall fly;
 Thy love can all my griefs control,
 And all my wants supply.

2.

How oft, when black misfortune's band
 Around their victim stood,
 The seeming ill, at thy command,
 Hath changed to real good.

3.

The tempest that obscured the sky
 Hath set my bosom free
 From earthly care and sensual joy,
 And turn'd my thoughts to thee.

4.

Affliction's blast hath made me learn
 To feel for others' woe,
 And humbly seek with deep concern
 My own defects to know.

5.

Then rage, ye storms; ye billows, roar;
 My heart defies your shock;
 Ye make me cling to God the more,
 To God, my sheltering rock.

455. L. M. NEW YORK COLLECTION.

Trust in God our Father.

1.

Is there a lone and dreary hour
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father, let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

2.

Is there a time of racking grief
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father, break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

3.

Is there an hour of peace and joy
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father, still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

4.

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The sick, nay e'en the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

456. C. M. HAWES.

The duty of resignation.

1.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, O God,
I all to thee resign;
And bow'd beneath thy chastening rod,
I mourn, but not repine.

2.

Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above ?

3.

I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise :
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

4.

Thy love will cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

457. P. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

Resignation to the will of God.

1.

O GOD, to thee who first hast given
To mortal frame the spark of heaven,
I consecrate my powers ;
Thine is its hoped eternity,
And thine its little life shall be
Through years and days and hours.

2.

Here at thy shrine I bow, resign'd
Each struggling passion of my mind,
With all its hopes and fears ;
To bend each thought to thy control
Is the sole wish that fires my soul
Through all my future years.

3.

For oh, when earthly cares are o'er,
 The worn heart feels there is no more
 Of bliss beneath the skies ;
 There is no other certain trust
 Which blends the merciful and just,
 Omnipotent and wise.

458. C. M. COWPER.

Religious retirement.

1.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where sin is waging still
 Its most successful war.

2.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.

3.

There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !

4.

There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

5.

Author and guardian of my life !
Sweet source of light divine !
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father,—thou art mine !

6.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love !
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

459. L. M. WALKER.

Communion with God.

1.

ENOUGH of life's vain scene I've trod,
Sweet is this interval of rest ;
With cheerful heart I meet my God,
His presence makes me truly blest.

2.

Father and friend ! relations dear,
Rejoicing to the human soul ;
They lift us above every fear,
And ills, if ills there be, control.

3.

Pleasant is life, and sweet the light
That pours from the bright orb of day,
Revealing to our raptured sight
The world in all its rich display.

4.

Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,
The touching charities of man ;
Friend, fellow, child, and parent rise,
Endearing life's progressive plan :

5.

But light and life would soon be vile,
And all their dearest pleasures pall,
Nor sun would shine, nor life would smile,
Without thy presence, gladdening all.

460. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Seeking the things above.

1.

SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,
Nor let this earth delude thy sight
With glittering trifles, gay and vain :
Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
And faith displays the shining train..

2.

The world's gay pageant rolls along :
The giddy inexperienced throng
Pursue it with enchanted eyes ;
It passes in swift march away,
Still more and more its charms decay,
Till the last gaudy colour dies.

3.

My God, to thee my soul shall turn ;
For thee my noblest passions burn,
And drink in bliss from thee alone :
I fix on that unchanging home
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,
Fresh springing round thy radiant throne.

461. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Imploring the divine aid.

1.

LOOK up, ye mortals, and invoke
Jehovah's saving aid;
Give him the glory of his name,
Whose hand your nature made.

2.

O turn! ere yet your erring feet
On death's dark mountain fall;
Cry, and your gentle shepherd's ear
Will hearken to your call.

3.

Then shall those hearts with pleasure spring
Which now in sorrow melt,
And deep repentance yield a joy
Which guilt hath never felt.

462. C. M. NEW YORK COLLECTION.

Prayer for divine aid.

1.

FATHER in heaven, to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

2.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

3.

Help me to break the galling chains
 This world has round me thrown ;
 Each passion of my heart subdue,
 Each darling sin disown.

4.

O Father, kindle in my breast
 A never-dying flame
 Of holy love, of grateful trust
 In thine almighty name.

463. L. M. COWPER.

Inconstancy in religion lamented.

1.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then, my Creator, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

2.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3.

O let me then at length be taught,
 What I am still so slow to learn,
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5.

But, O my God, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

464. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The blessings of humility.

1.

THE eternal God ! his name how great !
How deep his counsels, how complete !
The hearts of men his power can sway,
His word, unconscious, they obey.

2.

Blest are the humble souls that wait
With deep submission to his will ;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still.

3.

Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs ;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

465. S. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

[*If thou bring thy gift to the altar, &c.*
Matt. v. 23, 24.]

1.

To God our hearts are known,
Each purpose of our mind ;
Dissembling worship meets his frown,
Where malice lurks behind.

2.

Hypocrisy may bow,
And, with unhallow'd tongue,
In feign'd contrition bending low,
The heartless prayer prolong.

3.

The offending brother's tear
Can thy cold heart refuse?
O come not where the humble prayer
For pardoning mercy sues.

4.

Leave at the temple gate
Relentless scorn and pride,
And let no rankling smother'd hate
Within thy soul abide.

5.

Then on God's holy shrine
Thy sweet peace-offering lay,
So shall the smiles of Heaven be thine,
And soothe thy fears away.

6.

Life's dream may soon be o'er,
And death and judgement come;
Then, high and low, and rich and poor,
Shall hear their final doom.

466. C. M. SWAIN.

Brotherly love.

[Psalm cxxxiii.]

1.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word.

2.

O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3.

Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4.

Let love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

467. C. M. DRENNAN.

The law of love.

1.

ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

2.

Thus in the universe of mind
Is felt the law of love,
The charity both strong and kind
For all that live and move.

3.

In this fine sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part,
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Link'd to the feeling heart.

4.

More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul ;
Our neighbour is the suffering man,
Though at the furthest pole.

5.

To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ profest
More clear reveals that God is love,
And whom he loves is blest.

468. C. M. ·BOWDEN.

Benevolence.

1.

LIKE crowds of weary pilgrims here
We're travelling to our home :
All find some sorrow in their sphere,
And wait for joys to come.

2.

Then let us learn the heavenly art
Each others' griefs to share :
Let mutual love swell every heart
And lessen every care.

3.

O may we feel some generous glow
In helping the distress ;
Content to share another's woe,
And in his bliss be blest ;

4.

Till to that world of heavenly rest
Our willing souls shall rise,
Where perfect love fills every breast,
And every sorrow dies !

469. C. M. DRENNAN.

Charity, faith and hope.

1.

HUMANITY ! thou sent of God,
When earth was heard to mourn,
To trace the steps our Saviour trod,
And wait till his return :

2.

Here, angel-virtue, shake thy plumes,
Their incense here impart ;
And wing the willing hand that comes
With succour from the heart.

3.

Close at thy side, see faith attend,
And point her golden rod,
While hope, still brightening to the end,
Here seeks her parent God.

470. C. M. DRENNAN.

The luxury of doing good.

1.

O SWEETER than the fragrant flower
At evening's dewy close,
The will, united with the power,
To succour human woes !

2.

And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
That placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.

471. L. M. DRUMMOND.

Charity.

1.

COME, let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet charity, the child of God !
Hers, on whose kind maternal breast,
The shelter'd babes of misery rest.

2.

Who, when she sees the sufferer bleed,
Reckless of name or sect or creed,
Comes with prompt hand and look benign
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine :

3.

Who in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides ;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.

4.

Her tender mercies freely fall,
Like heaven's refreshing dews, on all ;
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes, the human race.

5.

Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown ;
Wherever faith's rapt thought has soar'd,
Or hope her upward flight explored.

SUPPLEMENT TO BOOK VI.

ON LIFE AND DEATH, TIME AND ETERNITY.

472. L. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

[*And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred, sixty and nine years, and he died.*
Gen. v. 27.]

1.

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

2.

Vain was the boast of lengthen'd years,
The patriarch's full maturity ;
'Twas but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.

3.

"He lived,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page !
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

4.

O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize
And use the moments as they fly ;

5.

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
So shall we wake from death's dark night
To share the glory that succeeds.

473. P. M.

[*Be ye ready : for the Son of man cometh at
an hour when ye think not. Luke xii. 40.*]

1.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest, if wisdom thou despise,
She may never more be won.

2.

Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's course is run.

3.

Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4.

Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

474. P. M.*

The vanity of sublunary glory.

1.

O LET the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake
Ere life be gone :
Soon shall its glories fade away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

2.

Our birth is but the starting-place ;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal :
There all our steps at last are brought ;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

3.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one ingulphing sea
Are doom'd to fall ;
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

4.

Say then, how poor and little worth
Are all these glittering toys of earth
That lure us here ;
Dreams, of a sleep that death must break :
Alas ! before it bids us wake
Ye disappear !

* The first four stanzas of this Hymn are from the Spanish of Manrique.

5.

And let the pageant be withdrawn !
To death's dark night succeeds a dawn
Of brighter day ;
Faith points to bliss beyond the tomb,
The Christian's hope, the Christian's home,
And leads the way.

475. L. M.

Meditation on the rapid flight of time.

1.

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone,
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2.

Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year ;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3.

Another fleeting day is gone,
To join the fugitives before ;
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.

4.

Another fleeting day is gone,
But soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

5.

Another fleeting day is gone,
In solemn silence rest, my soul ;
Bow down before his awful throne
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

476. L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

God our guardian in life and in death.

1.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
Again behold the morning light.

2.

New born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more with awe rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3.

O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4.

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5.

That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

477. C. M. BURNS.

*[Lord thou hast been our dwelling-place.**Psalm xc.]*

1.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race,
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

2.

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command ;

3.

That power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

4.

Thou giv'st the word—thy creature man
Is to existence brought ;
Again, thou say'st—" Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought."

5.

Thou layest them with all their cares
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

6.

They flourish like the morning flow
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

478. P. M. BOWRING.

Life's pilgrimage.

1.

LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led ;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who, with prayers and helps divine,
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2.

We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul,
Where the mourners cease to mourn ;
Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

3.

Lead us thither. Thou dost know
All the way ; but, wanderers, we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee :
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there.

479. P. M. BOWRING.

Whether living or dying, we are thine.

1.

To thee alone we live,
To thee alone we die ;
Do thou, O Lord, thy spirit give,
Both life and death to sanctify.

T

2.

The busy march of time,
And death's unbroken sleep,
Vouch for thy purposes sublime,
And all thy holy mandates keep.

3.

Thine eye is never closed :
The present, future, past,
But act the parts thou hast proposed,
All leading on to bliss at last.

4.

The world in love began,
Through love its mazes tend,
And change but leads immortal man
To an unchanging, joyful end.

5.

Lord, let us live to thee,
And dying let us hear
The welcome of eternity,
And heaven's sweet anthems echoing near.

480. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

God our support in life and in death.

1.

GREAT God, at whose creative call
Unnumber'd worlds arose,
Thy providence extends to all,
To all thy blessing flows.
Hear, gracious Lord, thy creatures' praises hear!
O be our lives, our souls, thy constant care!

2.

The breath thy wondrous power convey'd,
 The strength thy goodness gave,
 Still ask thy kind paternal aid
 Our fleeting life to save.

Hear, gracious Lord, thy creatures' praises hear!
 Be our lives, our souls, thy constant care!

3.

Bow down, our souls, before the Lord,
 His mighty arm revere;
 Our lives continued or restored,
 His mercy still may spare.

Hear, gracious Lord, thy creatures' praises hear!
 Be our lives, our souls, thy constant care!

4.

Great God of life, the praise attend;
 Accept the grateful song:
 Not death itself the praise shall end,
 Which heaven shall still prolong.

Hear, gracious Lord, thy creatures' praises hear!
 Be our lives, our souls, thy constant care!

481. P. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

[Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers.

2 Sam. vii. 12.]

1.

As o'er the closing urn we bend
 Of each belov'd and honour'd friend,
 What tears of anguish roll!
 In vain, in death's unconscious face,
 The living smile we seek to trace,
 That spoke from soul to soul.

2.

But shall not memory still supply
The kindly glance, the beaming eye,
That oft our converse blest ;
That brighten'd many a prospect drear,
Revived our virtue, soothed our care,
And lull'd each pain to rest ?

3.

And when these frail remains are gone,
Our hearts the impression still shall own,
Our mortal path to cheer.
O God ! to point the way to heaven,
These angel-guides by thee were given :
How blest to meet them there !

482. C. M. PEABODY. (N. AMERICA.)

The peaceful death of the Christian.

1.

BEHOLD the western evening light,
It melts in deepest gloom :
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

3.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5.

And now above the dews of night
The yellow star appears !
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed with tears.

6.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore ;
And eyelids that are seal'd in death
Shall wake to close no more.

483. C. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Nature transitory : the soul immortal.

1.

How glorious are those orbs of light,
In all their bright array,
That gem the ebon brow of night,
Or pour the blaze of day !

2.

See lovely Nature raise her head,
In various graces drest ;
Her lucid robe, by ocean spread ;
Her verdant flowery vest.

3.

Unnumber'd tribes obey her will ;
Her bounty each displays :
She smiles, and every grove and hill
Is vocal in her praise.

4.

One gem, of purest ray, divine,
Alone disclaims her power :
Still brighter shall its glories shine,
When hers are seen no more.

5.

Her pageants pass, nor leave a trace :
The soul no change shall fear.
The God of Nature and of grace
Has stampt his image there.

6.

Nor life, nor death, its trust shall move ;
Nor powers, nor worlds unknown :
Responsive to its Maker's love,
And prostrate at his throne.

484. C. M. WATTS.

The resurrection.

1.

How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just ?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust ?

2.

Lo, I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The bright immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3.

I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room ;
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
 And lo, the dead obey;
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
 Salute the expected day.

5.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning King
 Shall bear us homeward through the skies
 On love's triumphant wing!

485. C. M. SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES.

The resurrection.

[1 Cor. xv. 52, &c.]

1.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
 This rending earth shall shake,
 When opening graves shall yield their charge,
 And dust to life awake,

2.

Those bodies that corrupted fell
 Shall uncorrupted rise,
 And mortal forms shall spring to life
 Immortal in the skies.

3.

Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
 Is now at last fulfill'd,
 That death should yield his ancient reign,
 And, vanquish'd, quit the field.

4.

Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
 And thus begin to sing,
 "O grave, where is thy triumph now?
 "And where, O death, thy sting?"

486. P. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

Aspirations after a future state.

1.

O WHEN shall this aspiring soul,
Freed from the body's dull control,
Assert its native birth?
When, on exulting pinions rise,
And look triumphant from the skies
On these low scenes of earth?

2.

Shall these weak limbs, this sinking frame,
Bow'd to that dust from which they came,
The soaring spirit bind?
Can sickness, sorrow, care, and pain,
And all the ills in fortune's train,
Enchain the powers of mind?

3.

No, even in this earthly sphere
She feels the hour approaching near
That plumes her half-fledged wings;
And even now, with new delight,
She with a short but rapid flight
Tow'rs brighter regions springs.

4.

Shall then the strong impassion'd glow
That longs a future state to know
In hopeless gloom expire?
Or canst thou in thy darkling hour
Distrust thy great Creator's power
To wake the slumbering fire?

487. C. M. P. HOUGHTON.

The renewal of virtuous intercourse in a future state.

1.

BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more,
And with cœlestial welcome greet
On an immortal shore.

2.

The parent finds his long-lost child,
Brothers on brothers gaze ;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.

3.

Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crown'd ;
All that was dead revives again ;
All that was lost is found.

4.

And while remembrance, lingering still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours ;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanded powers.

5.

Congenial minds array'd in light
High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease, with ever new delight,
On wings of love to range.

6.

Their Father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down ;
The smile that owns their filial claim
Is their immortal crown.

488. P. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

*[In my Father's house are many mansions.**John xiv. 2.]*

1.

HOLY, wise, eternal Father,
O how blessed is thy word,
Thus reveal'd, to all thy servants,
By thy Son, our gracious Lord !

2.

In thy house are many mansions :—
So his hallow'd lips declare.
O that we might there behold thee !
O that we might enter there !

3.

There the blessed of all nations,
Of all times and worlds shall meet :
There the labourers in thy vineyard
Peaceful rest at Jesus' feet.

4.

There the wrong'd and broken-hearted
Pure and sacred joy shall taste ;
“ There the wicked cease from troubling,
“ And the weary are at rest.”

5.

Then shall all of sin or evil
On its hateful self recoil ;
None shall share it, none shall own it,
Ev'n its slaves no more shall toil.

6.

Uncontrol'd, thy power and godhead
Shall thy holy will maintain ;
And, without a cloud, thy glory
To eternity shall reign.

489. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The happiness and glory of the future state.

1.

How rich thy favours, God of grace,
How various and divine :
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2.

Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine
While stars and suns decay.

3.

My soul, with all thy waken'd powers
Survey this heavenly prize ;
Nor let the glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

4.

The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend
Which leads through sufferings of an hour
To joys that never end.

490. C. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

*[For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ
shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 22.]*

1.

NOR wisdom, innocence, nor truth
Can stay the fleeting breath ;
Nor infant smiles, nor bloom of youth
Escape the dart of death.

2.

What countless myriads, yet unborn,
By his stern hand shall fall ;
Till the last trump shall wake the morn,
And " God be all in all."

3.

Then death shall yield his tyrant sway ;
This heaven-touch'd dust shall rise ;
While the high triumphs of that day
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4.

E'en now, to faith's pervading eye
His banner is display'd,
And man's great Saviour, throned on high,
With glory sits array'd.

5.

O day of gladness ! when the just
Shall taste his wondrous love ;
And springing from the lowly dust
Ascend the realms above !

6.

May we with that triumphant doom
Heaven's radiant crowns secure,
" Come, blessed of my Father, come
" To joys eternal, pure."

491. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Victory over death through Christ.

1.

WHEN death appears before my sight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2.

How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And victory waits his arms.

3.

But see, my glorious leader nigh!
Jesus my Saviour lives!
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

4.

O God, be thou my sure defence,
My guard be ever near;
And faith shall triumph over sense,
And never yield to fear.

492. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Hope of immortality.

1.

THOSE happy realms of joy and peace
Fain would my heart explore;
Where grief and pain for ever cease,
And sin shall be no more.

2.

No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
No languor seize the frame;
But ever-active vigour rise
To feed the vital flame.

3.

But ah! a dreary vale between
Extends its awful gloom;
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.

4.

O for the eye of faith divine,
 To pierce beyond the grave !
 To see that friend, and call him mine,
 Whose arm is strong to save.

5.

Here fix, my soul, for life is here ;
 Light breaks amid the gloom ;
 Trust in Jehovah's love, nor fear
 The horrors of the tomb.

493. C. M. BOSTON (N. E.) COLLECTION.

The promised land.

1.

THERE is a better world on high :
 Hope on, thou pious breast :
 Faint not, thou traveller ; in the sky
 Thy weary feet shall rest.

2.

Anguish may rend each vital part ;
 Thy frame, alas, how frail !
 Yet heav'n's own strength shall shield thy heart
 When mortal strength shall fail.

3.

Through death's dread vale of deepest shade
 Thy feet must surely go :
 Yet there, even there, walk undismay'd,
 'Tis thy last scene of woe.

4.

Jesus with kind and tender hand
 Shall guard the traveller through ;
 "Hail," shalt thou cry, "hail promised land !
 And wilderness, adieu !"

5.

Jesus, O make our souls thy care !

O take us all to thee !

Where'er thou art, we ask not where :

But there 'tis heaven to be.

494. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

[*He must reign till he hath put all enemies
under his feet. 1 Cor. xv. 25.*]

1.

MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,

Shall tell its joys abroad,

And march with holy vigour on,

Supported by its God.

2.

He to eternal glory calls,

And points the wondrous way

To his own presence, where he reigns

In uncreated day.

3.

There sin and death shall prostrate lie

Beneath a mightier power ;

Jesus the conqueror shall reign

Till these are known no more.

4.

Garlands of never-fading joy

Shall bloom on every head,

While sorrow, sighing and distress,

Like shadows all are fled.

5.

Then, with their Saviour, all his saints

Shall join in sweet accord ;

One body all in mutual love,

And God their common Lord.

495. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

[1 Cor. xv. 24—29.]

1.

THEN comes the end; when Christ hath given
 The kingdom and the power to God :
 When through the range of earth and heaven
 No creature dares resist his nod.

2.

Till then, supreme the Son shall reign,
 Reign, till the appointed work is done,
 Till death, the latest foe, is slain,
 And every power subdued, save one :

3.

Then to that one, his Father, God,
 The Son himself shall prostrate fall,
 Resign the sceptre and the rod,
 And God at length be "all in all."

4.

O glorious time ! whene'er our eyes
 Repining mark its long delay,
 " To me," the word of God replies,
 " A thousand years is but a day."

496. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Religious consolation.

1.

Toss'd with restless agitation,
 Torn by wild distemper'd care ;
 Life still ruffled by vexation,
 Death, dread object of my fear,—
 Let my humble, deep devotion,
 Lord. reach thine ear.

2.

Heavenly hope and consolation
Chase the terrors of the soul;
Whilst the page of revelation
Does my trembling fear control :
Light of heaven—lent to emblazon
This life's dark scroll.

3.

Thoughts, beyond the tomb still ranging,
Cheer the consecrated hour,
Gloomy doubt to calmness changing,
Victim of distrust no more :
Truth eternal!—Hope inspiring !
I feel thy power.

4.

O ! these thoughts divine possessing,
With mortality in view,
To the goal cœlestial pressing,
Still its shining path pursue :
Bliss immortal ! sacred promise !
And God is true.*

* This hymn was composed for and adapted to the air
No. 6, in Jowett's *Muse Solitaria*, Peculiar Measure.

SUPPLEMENT

TO BOOK VII.

HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

497. C. M. NEW YORK SELECTION.

For the Lord's supper.

1.

O GOD, accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given ;
And let this hallow'd scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

2.

Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son ;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he hath done.

3.

His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free ;
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills to thee.

4.

And oft along life's dangerous way
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy holy day,
For us this scene renew !

498. C. M.

For the Lord's supper.

[*Neither pray I for these alone.*
John xvii. 20.]

1.

“O, not for these alone I pray,”
The dying Saviour said ;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head.

2.

Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

3.

No, not for them alone he pray'd,—
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling place.

4.

Sweet is the thought, when here we meet,
His feast of love to share ;
And mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer !

5.

O, ne'er in souls that seek his face
Let harsher passions reign,
To tell the unbelieving race
The Saviour pray'd in vain.

499. S. M.

For the Lord's Supper.

1.

BEHOLD with what a love
The Saviour of our race
Surveys his followers, and above
Prepares their dwelling place!

2.

Behold, e'en here below
For them his board is spread;
And memory's eye beholds him now,
"The living, who was dead!"

3.

O come not near their gate,
My soul, whose slothful tongues
Unwilling move to celebrate
The Saviour in their songs!

4.

Ours be that homage sweet,
Drawn from devoted minds,
Which rises to the mercy-seat
And there acceptance finds.

500. L. M.

For the Lord's supper.

1.

HERE, Lord, when at thy table met,
Our good and evil we survey,
O leave us not to vain regret
For precious moments pass'd away.

2.

From selfish aims, from narrow views,
 O set our willing spirits free !
 And every purer thought infuse
 Befitting those who come to thee.

3.

And here, O Lord, the blessed balm
 Of comfort let thy mourners share !
 And, mortal griefs subdued and calm,
 Learn, meekly learn, the cross to bear.

4.

Thus may the cup of blessing, given
 From hand to hand, new life impart ;
 And Jesus, the best gift of heaven,
 Reign sovereign Lord in every heart.

501. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

For the Lord's supper.

1.

O HERE, if ever, God of love,
 Let strife and hatred cease ;
 And every heart harmonious move,
 And every thought be peace.

2.

Not here, where met to think on him
 Whose latest thoughts were ours,
 Shall mortal passions come, to dim
 The prayer devotion pours.

3.

No, gracious Master, not in vain
 Thy life of love hath been ;
 The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
 Though thou no more art seen.

4.

"Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

502. C. M.

After a sermon for the Sunday School.

1.

FATHER of mercies, hear our prayer ;
Bestow on us thy love :
Bless those who teach, and those who learn,
With wisdom from above.

2.

In vain we sow, we plant in vain,
Did not thine aid attend :
Like showers that cheer the thirsty plain,
O may thy grace descend !

3.

May tender bud and opening flower
This vale of time adorn,
Survive the withering blast of death,
To bloom in heaven's bright morn.

4.

Where Providence, with liberal hand,
Knowledge or wealth hath given,
From feeling hearts let bounty flow
Like all-diffusive Heaven.

5.

Then shall these stewards of thy gifts,
Who well fulfill their trust,
Receive in heaven a bright reward,
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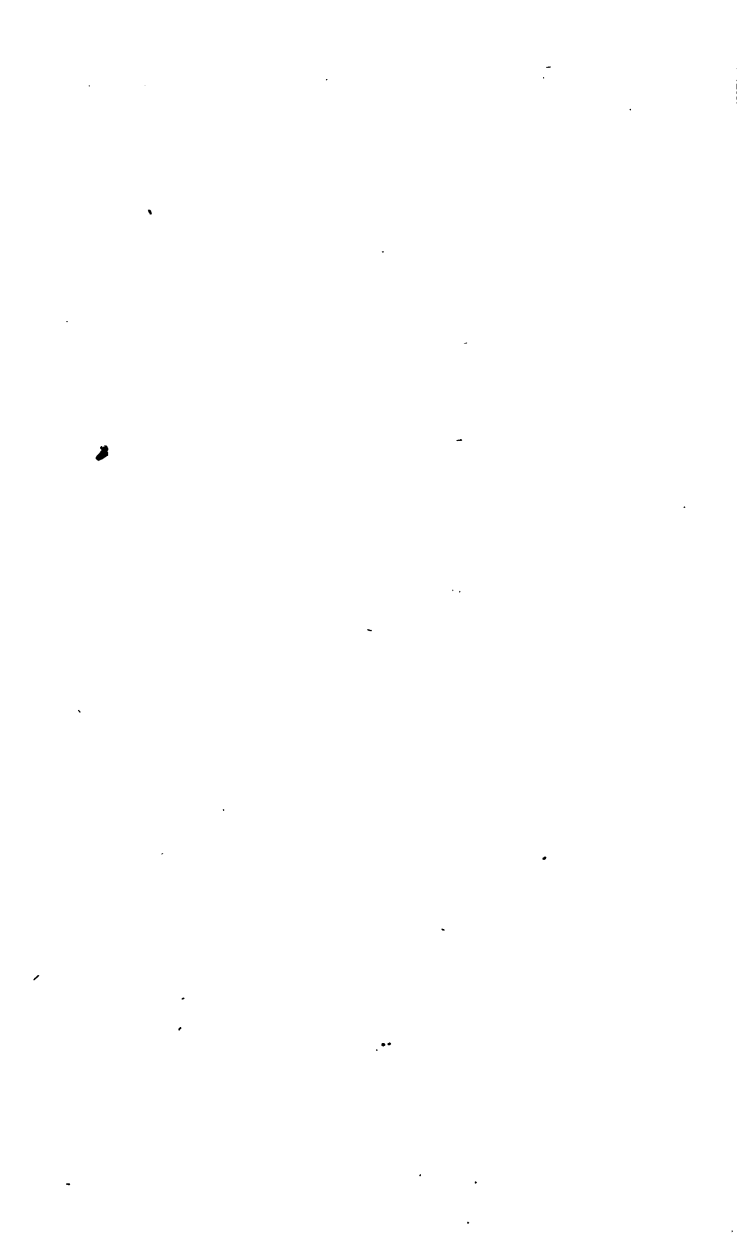
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